SATURDAY NIGHT

When Beck Tried to Be Premier

UNDERSTANDING THE DOUKHOBORS
by B. K. Sandwell

VANCOUVER'S MAYOR AND THE BOOM

JUNE 14, 1952 VOL. 67, NO. 36

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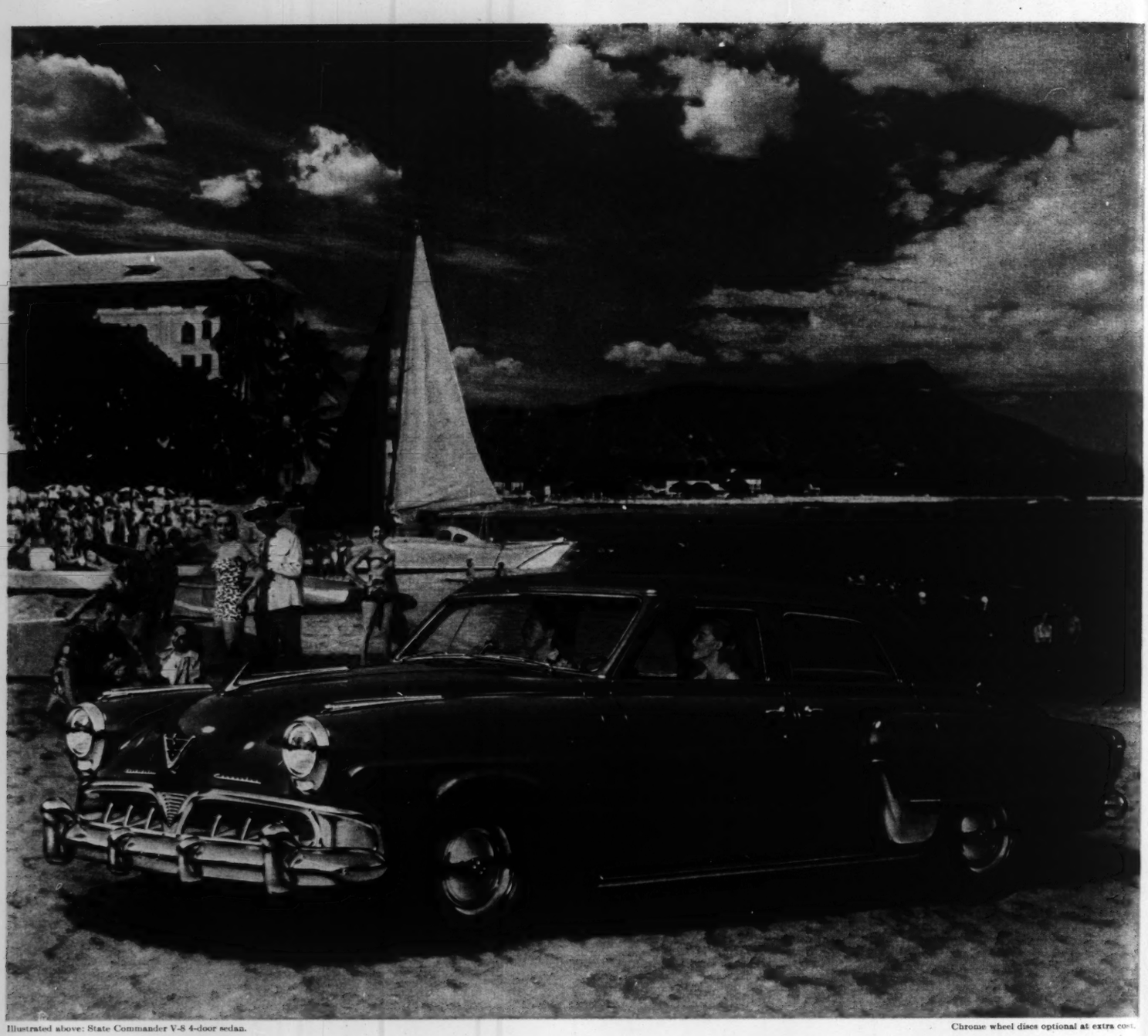

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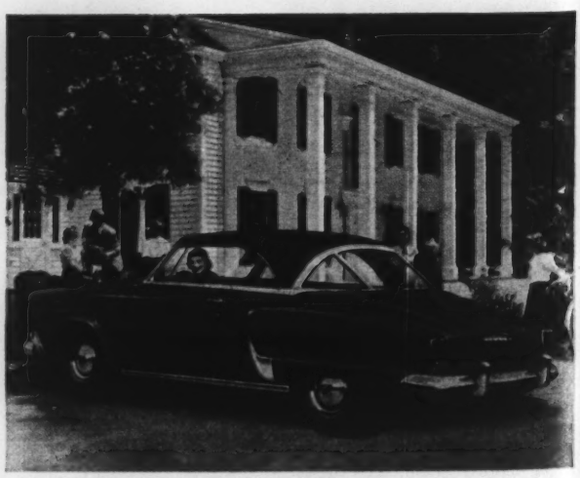

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SATURDAY NIGHT

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
Established 1887

Vol. 67 No. 36 Whole No. 3084

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BEHIND THE SCENES

THE NEXT ISSUE: Two frenetic sessions are scheduled for the U.S. in July, when both Democrats and Republicans will choose candidates for President and Vice-President. LOU GOLDEN tells what the choice will mean for Canada and the free world . . . The tragicomic reign of the United Farmers of Ontario party is graphically described by SATURDAY NIGHT Editor R. A. FARQUHARSON, who continues his account of the rise and fall of an organization earmarked chiefly by political naïveté . . . The Cinderella profession, engineering, is finally coming into its own, on the heels of Canadian development of resources, says LEONARD KNOTT . . . Lessons learned from two years of war in Korea are discussed by journalist-historian CHESTER WILMOT, in a story based on discussions with top U.S. brass . . . Recognition has been bestowed on Manitoba-born Vilhjalmur Stefansson with the naming of an island after him. D. M. LEBOURDAIS tells something of his chief finds . . . Rose Marie Reid, renowned swim suit maker, has made a success by styling beach wear for women in both the U.S. and Canada, says ROBERT WILLETT of the *Vancouver Sun*.

COVER: Fellow bird-watchers don't argue with WILLIAM H. CARRICK when he says he has seen a certain species of bird on one of his field trips. Chances are he has a picture to prove his point. The yellow-headed blackbird on the cover had too many mouths to feed to pose for long, but Carrick managed to snap her before she took off to find more food for her hungry brood. The picture was taken in a marsh near Delta, Manitoba, for the Wildlife Management Institute. Carrick has also done work for the National Film Board, and Ducks Unlimited, and is official photographer for the Ontario Museum.

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OTTAWA VIEW

BY-ELECTION ECHOES

by Michael Barkway

AT THE END of May friends were delighted to see Mrs. Lester B. Pearson wearing a button which firmly declared: "I like Mike." It was a trophy of the by-election in Ontario riding, and was one of several gimmicks used by the Conservatives in support of their candidate, Michael Starr. Starr, who won the seat against Mackenzie King's nephew, John L. Lay, and a CCF candidate, was a good example of the improvement which the PC's have lately been able to make in their candidates. He is popular, specially with the labor people, although he is not a unionist. He has been elected Mayor of Oshawa, took most of the labor vote from the CCF in the by-election.

This labor switch from CCF to PC's was also apparent in Waterloo North, and it might be one of the portents of last month's by-elections. The PC's claim that they have old party workers coming back to them whom they haven't seen since 1935; and in the interval some of them have been pillars of the CCF. Liberals agree that much of the labor vote in Waterloo went to the Conservative candidate, Miss Elizabeth Jansen. They blame the fact that Norman C. Schneider, their candidate, runs a non-union shop. It is conceded that he is a good employer, but it's hard for orthodox trade unionists to support an employer without a union.

Miss Jansen made such a reduction in the Liberal majority in Waterloo North that some PC's claim she might have won the seat if she had been a man. This doesn't mean the Conservatives are turning anti-feminist; but some of the Canadians of German stock around Kitchener and Waterloo are traditionally opposed to women in politics. It is a district where women have a hard time in seeking even municipal office.

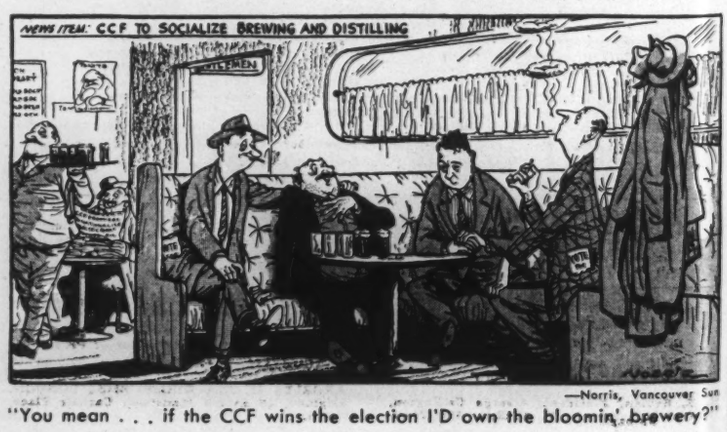
IF THE switch in the labor vote was the outstanding feature of the by-elections in the Province of Ontario, the Conservative successes in New Brunswick and Ouebec depended upon the votes of French-speaking Canadians.

Gloucester, NB. is now solidly Acadian French. The last time the Conservatives won it was in 1896. Neither party has found any complete explanation for the change this time. The Conservative candidate, Albany Robichaud, is leader of the French-language association and a popular local lawyer. The Liberal candidate, another Robichaud, was regarded as an "importation" from Fredericton, and his French was not his strong point. One discontent which served the Conservatives was the uncertainty of the export market for pit-props on which many of the Gloucester people depend. The Liberals also suspect that they may have lost votes through Provincial discontents which really had nothing to do with the St. Laurent Government, such as Premier McNair's four per cent sales tax. They also say that the Conservative Robichaud had the support of the clergy.

The swing of French-speaking votes to the Conservatives was apparently matched in the other New Brunswick election. The PC's say they got a majority in the French-speaking districts in Victoria-Carleton riding. If the final figures of the polls confirm this, it will be the first time it has been so. The PC's say that they held their own in the rest of the riding, but that their increased majority over last time was due almost entirely to the unexpected support from the French-speaking sections.

IN QUEBEC the Liberals console themselves for the loss of Roberval by pointing out that their vote was split between the official candidate, Potvin, and Belanger who insisted on running as an Independent Liberal. They hope it will be a lesson to Quebec Liberals to learn to abide by the decision of the nominating conventions. The PC's admit they wouldn't have won the seat if there had been only one Liberal candidate, but it doesn't much dampen their satisfaction. The fact remains that both at Roberval and at Brome they increased their vote; and they feel that some of the curse has been taken off the Tory cause in Quebec.

Old campaigners say the Roberval campaign was as dirty as any they have known. Certainly Potvin's speeches did not reflect much support for St. Laurent as the apostle of na-



—Norris, Vancouver Sun

"You mean . . . if the CCF wins the election I'D own the bloomin' brewery?"

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tional unity. On May 19, at Chambord, he coupled adulatory praises of St. Laurent with a diatribe of the most malicious kind against George Drew. As reported in *L'Action Catholique*, he said everyone knew Drew's evil intentions towards the French-Canadian people and "the policy of persecution which he has always applied towards us." When Drew was Premier of Ontario, said Potvin, he continually expressed his "hatred for the French element" (*"sa haine pour l'élément français du pays"*). Now he was trying to deliver the final blow (*"Il cherche maintenant á nous donner le coup final"*).

The next day at St. Felicien, Potvin had defined his thesis a little more clearly. He said this was not a struggle between two parties but *"une guerre entre deux races et entre deux hommes de convictions religieuses différentes."* This came not from one of Duplessis' men, nor even from the Independent. It came from the official Liberal candidate.

The special correspondent of *L'Action Catholique* reported that Mr. and Mrs. Drew were given a very warm reception on their first visit to the land of Maria Chapdelaine, and that Drew made a whole series of addresses in French. In any case, Drew's candidate won the seat.

TALK about an early general election revived in Ottawa as soon as the by-election results were known. Newspaper stories, which presumably had some inspiration from the Liberal side, said the PC's could have a general election if they challenged the Government to one. But the PC's are not in a mood to throw challenges about. They're very pleased about their successes, following on last year's; but they've been pretty sensible about them. They're not boasting or making extravagant claims. They know that their most successful argument in the by-elections was the top-heavy Government majority. It will not be so powerful an argument in a general election when the choice of a Government is involved. Another year, in which discontent with the Government may easily grow, should improve their chances in a general election.

It is quite possible that the Government may be impressed by the same argument. St. Laurent, for this and other reasons, may decide on an election this fall. If he leaves it till 1953 it would have to be early in the year before the Coronation, or else it would have to wait till the fall of '53. By then St. Laurent will be 71, which sounds more like an old man than 70 does. It might be worth waiting if the Liberals could find something good to offer next year, but those who argue for an election this fall doubt that Abbott can find much scope for tax reduction or any other plums.

On a rather higher plane of policy, there would be something to be said for getting our election over at the same time as the U.S. Then we would be ready to settle down together when the new U.S. president is starting to work out his international policies.

There are no hot tips on this subject because no decisions have been made. But the chances of an election this fall are better than they were.

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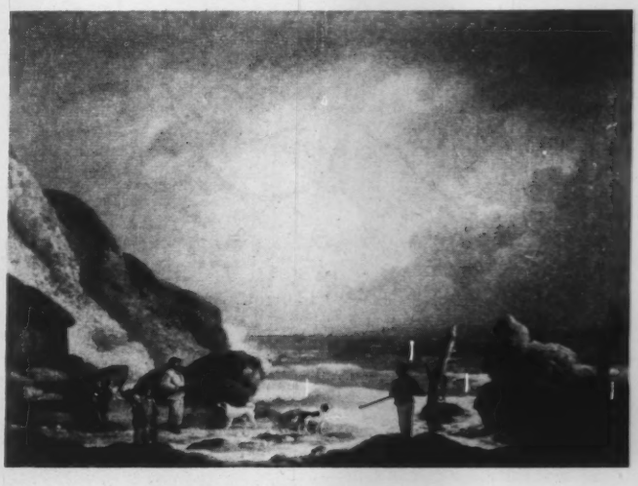

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LETTERS

The Great Betrayal

AS PRESIDENT Norman Mackenzie suggests (*SN*, May 17), university teachers are often tempted to look back nostalgically to the days when their classes, consisting mainly of war veterans, took intellectual matters more seriously than do the present freshmen—though I, for one, remember enough of university entrants before the time of the veterans to know that their ability to read and write was far higher than it is now.

It is possible that university administrators too, when they look back to the days of the veterans, are subject to certain temptations. They were great days—enrolments and incomes skyrocketed; small departments blossomed into colleges, and their heads, from mere professors, became deans; drowsy backwaters of higher education became bustling, expanding organizations. Nothing was too big for us to tackle. We doubled and tripled our staffs, built fine new buildings, embarked on grandiose projects of every kind.

But the veterans have gone; and it is painful for a man who has tasted the joys of deanship to revert to mere professordom. It is painful for an administrator to see only a few lonesome students rattling around in the great buildings that he has projected. It is painful for a university president to have to make do again on niggling budgets, to go back to being the head of an institution housing a mere four or five thousand students instead of ten or twelve thousand.

THUS it is unfortunately only too natural that even in the universities, which one might have thought would be the last bulwark against today's great betrayal of the things of the mind and spirit, one should find those for whom the contribution by students of so many dollars to a building fund or their donation of so many pints of blood can be regarded as at least a partial compensation for their ignorance of history, their inability to make or receive intellectual communication and as a sufficient excuse for their continued presence in a university.

The temptation to prefer quantity to quality is one that the educator in all ages has had to face; but it is saddening to see how many educators today have managed to find ingenious reasons for succumbing to it. It is not only administrators who do so: the instructor himself, when he sees that the maintenance of academic standards, by keeping down enrolment, may make his own services unnecessary, is tempted to compromise with his devotion to scholarship. I remember once arguing all this out with a colleague in our College of Education (expanded many times from its prewar size); his final thrust was, "Well, if you get your way, you'll find yourself out of a job."

As it happens, I find myself out of a job anyway, and shall shortly be on my way to hunt for one in another country. But if the future of Canada is to be one in which "to preserve, increase, and disseminate knowledge"

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(in the fine words of the calendar of Harvard) is no longer the chief end of its universities, I shall not think that I have forfeited a great deal.

Saskatoon, Sask. D. J. GREENE,
Lecturer in English (Temporary),
University of Saskatchewan

Dutch Pomp

I WISH to express my sincere appreciation for your excellent and worthy article on Queen Juliana in a recent issue which gives such a truthful picture, not only of the Queen herself, but also of the relationship between her and the Dutch people.

In one respect, however, I think Mr. Schoup is wrong. It is true that we "regard pomp and circumstances with a somewhat cynical, or I would say: sceptical eye." But this is definitely *not* due to a change in mentality caused by the war. This scepticism with regard to pomp and show is as old as the Dutch themselves. It is one of the most prominent Dutch characteristics and in fact one of the major causes of the complete failure of the Nazi party in Holland. Marching, uniforms, flying banners and torch parades with which the Germans could so easily be impressed, did not appeal to us in the least.

Which does not mean though that a little pageantry once in a while is not highly appreciated, but it has to be a very extra special occasion.

Winnipeg, Man. FREDDY SNUYFF

Limit to School Grants

CONGRATULATIONS on the article "A School Trustee Talks Back". . . . The trustee is surely in the middle. Now comes a suggestion (at a meeting of Association of Ontario Mayors and Reeves) that a statutory maximum grant of so much per pupil for school boards be made. Wouldn't that limitation help the trustee?

Hamilton, Ont. T. H. SWAYZE

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OPERA

PLAYING MAPLE LEAF GARDENS

by Lucy Van Gogh

PROVIDED that it be always borne in mind that opera in the Maple Leaf Gardens—or in any other skating rink—is amplified opera and not direct - communication or natural opera, and that the two are not absolutely the same thing, there is no reason why opera in the Maple Leaf Gardens should not be a huge success. It is an extremely pleasant form of entertainment, which can be enjoyed by 10 or 12 thousand people—if there are that many people within motoring distance of the Gardens who really enjoy it—every time it is presented. And obviously direct-communication or natural opera is not possible in any Canadian city on "grand opera" terms, that is to say, with the staging, the chorus and the orchestra for which grand opera is designed and composed. It requires a type of auditorium and stage which Toronto and Montreal do not seem likely to be able to afford.

The four Metropolitan performances at the Gardens were extremely well amplified, and the Gardens were

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

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EDITORIALS

Warning Signals of Trouble Ahead

WARNINGS HAVE MULTIPLIED in recent days of the Kremlin's intention to exploit the period of paralysis in government which overtakes the free world's strongest power every four years, just as the Soviets carried out the Czechoslovak coup and sought to seize Berlin during the last U.S. election. Berlin itself has been marked out as an obvious centre for a new storm, while the Soviet campaign against the inclusion of the Bonn Republic in the NATO defence system has sent the Communist riot squads out into the streets in West Germany as in France. An all-out effort appears to have been called for in both countries.

As it happens, the Communists have slight popular appeal in Germany, which has learned at firsthand about the policies of their masters, and in France a bold little man has appeared on the scene to challenge their imposing strength. Premier Pinay has sufficiently captured the imagination of his people to get storekeepers to lower their prices and hoarders to turn in their gold: he may be just the man to tackle the Communists. But there will be strikes and bloodshed.

It is the same on the other side of the world, in Japan, where the Kremlin has also called its followers into the streets to riot against the peace treaty and military cooperation with the United States, and weaken the UN's base of operations for the Korean War. Over this struggle itself there hangs a baffling question mark. The recent warning that the enemy has doubled his strength while he talked truce argues that his main purpose all along may have been to gain time.

Out of Proportion

IT WAS fully understandable that the United States Command in Korea should have wanted to associate other than American troops with the odious job of guarding prisoners on Koje Island. It was, however, regrettable because by the time the companies of Canadian, British, Greek and Netherlands troops arrived, the horse had fled. The camp had already been allowed to get out of hand, and company units commanded by majors or captains could have no earthly say in its conduct. They could only take the kicks. Well intentioned as the move no doubt was, it was a blunder.

The Canadian Government, therefore, had grounds on which to complain to Washington. It had stronger grounds than those which it used. The note of complaint was based solely on the traditional Canadian dislike for splitting up bodies of Canadian troops serving overseas. It did not refer to the purpose for which this particular split had been ordered. This reiterated objection to dispersing Canadian troops in small parcels is soundly based. But in the context of the Korean situation a public protest on these grounds seemed both petty and silly. To start a public hullabaloo about the movement of one Canadian company lacked all sense of proportion.

For weeks, if not months, past the Canadian Government must have been feeling increasing anxiety about the conduct of UN affairs in Korea, and particularly about the handling of enemy prisoners. If it wasn't, it should have been. We don't know whether it took any steps to express its anxiety to Washington. If it did, the representations were kept secret as such discussions between allies should be. Yet as soon as the Canadian company was moved the Government burst into formal and public protest. It was like a man watching his house burn down and being able to think of nothing but the loss of his trousers.

National Library Bookplate

Amending B.N.A. Act

A SPECIAL interest attaches to the Redistribution Bill which Parliament must pass this session. It will be the first amendment to the British North America Act made at Ottawa without reference to Westminster. It will be the first use of the powers taken in the amendment of 1949 for the Canadian Parliament to change the Act in matters falling into purely federal jurisdiction.

The question which remains to be answered is what form the amendment should take. Most legal authorities agree that it will be equally valid whether it is done directly or indirectly. Parliament could pass a new Act about representation in the House of Commons without mentioning the British North America Act at all, and the new law would prevail over the conflicting provisions of Section 51 of the BNA Act. Or the new act might contain a clause stating specifically that "section 51 of the British North America Act, 1867, is repealed in so far as it is part of the law of Canada."

This would be the indirect method of amendment, and it was the method proposed by Mr. Stanley Knowles a few months ago when he introduced a bill to increase the quorum of the House of Commons. He had at that time the support of Dr. Maurice Ollivier, the Law Clerk of the House of Commons. Now Dr. Ollivier is inclined to favor the direct method of amendment. He urges that an act which amends the BNA Act should be formally and openly described as "An Act to amend the British North America Act." By this means, not only will all the key provisions of the Canadian constitution be conveniently kept together, but the special character of the BNA Act will be more fully respected than if Parliament passes acts all over the place and under all sorts of titles which are repugnant to the BNA Act.

Name of Dominion Day

CANADA, until it undertakes to rewrite the British North America Act as the fundamental law of the Canadian people, adopted by themselves in some process of their own devising (an event which still seems a long way off), will obviously have to continue to be "a Dominion", since that is what the Act says it is, though nobody has to call it *the* Dominion, since the Act never does so. Meanwhile there seems to be some resistance developing (not unnatural with people who object to "Dominion" altogether) to the continued observance of something called "Dominion Day".

The event which that day celebrates is so supremely important in the history of Canada that, in spite of the fact that it was merely the going-into-effect of a statute of the Parliament of Great Britain, we earnestly trust that it will never cease to be commemorated. But if the term "Dominion" is destined to disappear from current usage, as anything more than the designation of certain

nations of the Commonwealth at a past stage of their development, we shall presumably need some other title for the day which we commemorate.

And here the language of the Act comes at once to our aid. For while the result of the Act was to create "a Dominion", the event of its birth is repeatedly described as "the Union". "From and after the Union" is the term employed throughout the Act to designate the time during which its provisions shall have effect. No other term is ever used to describe the event which converted the three provinces into a single "Dominion" and made provision for that entity to extend from sea to sea. *The New York Times* of July 2, 1867, was actually led to predict that "Union Day" would henceforth be the name attached to July 1 by the Canadian people.

"Union Day" would therefore seem to be a perfectly reasonable and historically correct designation for the day of that event, which though not set by the Act was ultimately set by proclamation in the Queen's name. "Confederation Day" is the only other title which has been suggested, and it is open to several objections. The word "Confederation" never occurs in the Act, and tends to support a constitutional interpretation of the consequences of that Act which was certainly not envisaged by the Parliament which enacted it nor by many of the Canadian legislators who applied for its enactment. Particularly, it is bound to suggest to the American mind (with which we have to concern ourselves a good deal) the basic principle of the Confederate States, which was the opposite concept to what the Americans themselves regard as Union—the Union that "must and shall be preserved".

A Commonsense Measure

THE GOVERNMENT'S plan to alter the capital structure of the CNR is obviously sensible, and it is difficult to see why something of the kind was not done long ago. The old situation required the CNR to pay interest to the Government which in most years made an operating deficit inevitable. Then the Government had to pay the deficit. For the operating staff of the railway it meant that they were virtually denied the chance of matching expenditures with revenues. However well they did, the steady weight of the statutory interest payments would generally drive the railways into the red.

The important thing about the somewhat technical changes now proposed is that they give the CNR a chance to operate as though it had a more reasonable capital structure. The Company's senior officers will have the stimulus of feeling that by efficiency and skill they can bring the railway out of a year's operations with a credit balance.

The Sons of Martha

FOR MANY decades it has been the wont of engineers, especially when gathered jovially together, to praise vociferously their many, varied and sometimes singular, capacities. These resounding tributes, unfortunately, seldom echoed in the wider corridors of the outside world; the position and prestige of the profession was mildly accepted but not fully realized in its wider importance to the nation as a whole.

Now the picture has changed, both internally and externally. And the engineers themselves, both in their learned societies and later in their professional associations, have been changing it. Committees of engineers have successfully broadened the curricula of the teaching institutions in keeping with a greater acceptance of executive and social responsibility. Standards have been kept high and a satisfactory reciprocation achieved between employing industry and technically educated personnel, with substantial benefit to both.

The picture has changed too from those days of the late twenties and early thirties when the greatest and immediate practical problem facing the engineering graduate was to get himself a job. Now excited cries are rising from industrial management circles concerning present and projected shortages of adequately trained men. Grateful for the recognition which has come their way, the engineering associations must now see to it that a proper balance is kept between both undesirable situations.

—W. B. Edwards, Quebec

ROD M. RICHARDSON

Typical of the new approach by engineers to national problems is the election of the new President of the Dominion Council of Professional Engineers of Canada, Rod M. Richardson, of Saint John, Chief Engineer of the New Brunswick Telephone Company. He is both a BA of Dalhousie and a BSc and gold medallist of McGill. He is a man of broad interests in cultural, sports and civic activities and the wide range of offices he has held in the engineering societies and associations testifies to his concern with the advancement of his profession. With his elevation will go the best wishes, not only of his own 35,000 engineer members, but of all professional men and women of Canada.

Native Canadians

IN THE SIX years from 1945-51 the Federal Government paid out $1,687,000 in family allowances and relief to Eskimos. In the eastern Arctic — that is the Baffinland, Ungava area — Federal handouts amounted to more than half of the Eskimos' income. In the Western Arctic it was only a quarter. If this relatively new public support of the Eskimos were resulting in a marked increase in their health and prosperity we could perhaps feel gratified by it. The fact is that it is not only not increasing their standards; it is not even keeping pace with the deterioration in their health and morale due to their increased contacts with white men in the North. Tuberculosis is not being checked; it is spreading. Habitation is concentrating more and more around white settlements, with a consequent lessening of vitality and increase in disease. Fewer and fewer Eskimos are making a living in the arduous but healthy manner of their forebears. More and more of their children are being brought up without even learning the traditional and necessary arts of hunting and fishing.

The impact of modern civilization upon primitive peoples is nearly always unfortunate. But it is not incurable. The only area in the Canadian North where civilization has brought the cure for its own evil effects is said to be Aklavik, where the trapping is sufficiently varied for the Eskimos to establish a reasonably stable economic basis. Elsewhere the only cash crop is white fox, which fluctuates in four-year cycles and is utterly dependent on the chances of the world's fur markets.

We are not too sanguine about the new continuing committee which has been set up in Ottawa to study the problem of our Eskimo population. But it will unite in one endeavor the Anglican and Roman Catholic missionaries, the traders, the RCMP, the health authorities and the northern administration. General Young, the Commissioner of the Northwest Territories, presides. It is at least a start towards better public recognition of our responsibilities to the primitive people of our own land.

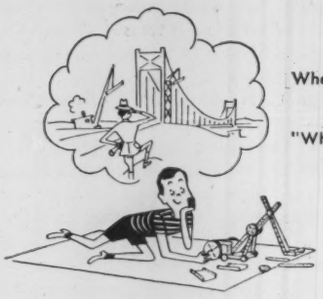
Realism and Human Rights

MR. GARSON'S confidence that neither he himself nor any other Minister of Justice who may hold office with the support of the Canadian Parliament will ever do anything to impair those "human rights" which are asserted in the charter of the United Nations is very impressive, but it shows a slight shortness of memory.

At the close of World War II the Parliament of which Mr. Garson was a member passed legislation conferring on the Government of which Mr. Garson was also a member the right to deport from Canada, very much against their will, certain persons who were born citizens of Canada, and this without any judicial proceedings and without any charge having been laid against them. (They were, we admit, of Japanese racial origin, but that in itself is not a crime, and what can be done in one year to a Canadian-born citizen of Japanese ancestry can be done in another year to a Canadian-born citizen of Chinese or German or Russian or even English ancestry.) The Government of which Mr. Garson was a member took steps to deport these persons, and was actually in process of doing so when its right was questioned by other Canadians who at great trouble and considerable expense took the question to the Supreme Court and to the Privy Council.

The Privy Council decided in effect that there was no limit to what the Government could do to a Canadian-born citizen provided that Parliament properly endowed it with the necessary authority, and that Parliament had so endowed the Government of which Mr. Garson was a member. But fortunately by the time this decision came out the Canadian people had become slightly ashamed of themselves for depriving their own native-born nationals of their nationality and shipping them off to a land they had never seen; and no deportations took place. The order-in-council was eventually repealed.

We only mention these things because Mr. Garson asked us to. He said he wanted the discussion carried on with "a little realism" and not with "mere rhetoric and generalities".



When George was just a little chap.
He dreamed of his career,
"When I grow up," he used to say,
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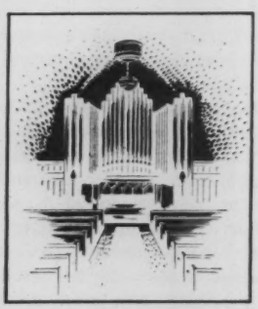

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

very well adapted for audience accommodation, so far as the ice space and the permanent boxes were concerned; nothing, of course, can overcome the fact that the high tiers on both sides are much too far away from the stage and most of them much too side-on towards the stage for good seeing. (Much of the Metropolitan Opera House itself is subject to the latter criticism.) But even from the standpoint of the best seats there is not in the Gardens that concentration of the view towards the stage which makes a good spectacle so enormously impressive. The Gardens stage, we are informed, was slightly smaller in opening and considerably less in depth than the Metropolitan stage, and considering that fact the vast masses of chorus and ballet people were amazingly well handled; the real trouble was due to the fact that the spectacle could not be properly framed; the eye was not led away from the dim but enormous spaces around the stage to the centre of the spectacle itself.

On the musical side amplification interposes a mechanical device between the performers and the audience, and no mechanical device yet invented or likely to be invented can fail to have some influence on the quality of the sound. So far as the orchestra was concerned this critic could not detect any detriment whatever, with the possible exception of an almost imperceptible doubling of the percussion—a repetition due to the slight difference in the location of the instruments themselves (which in percussion one can hear separately from the amplified version) and that of the loud-speaker. The balance of tone between sections seemed to be preserved with marvellous fidelity, no doubt by the number and clever placing of the pick-ups.

It is with the voices that amplification becomes a serious matter. It is impossible to feel about an amplified voice that the singer is singing *to you*. Although she (or he) is there in person before you, there is something of the feeling of a recording or a broadcast. Moreover, the circumstances undoubtedly influence also the feeling of the performers. Nobody on that stage and in that arena could feel that he was singing to that audience; three-quarters of them were too far away; they could see nothing but the broadest gestures and the performer could not see them at all. So the performers sang to the microphones, and were highly conscious of them, and if they turned away from them the effect was as if they had gone off stage.

So it was not the same thing as natural opera, but it was a very good thing indeed, and the prospect of getting more of it every year or two is quite happy-making. The Toronto Rotary Club is to be congratulated on a most important public service.

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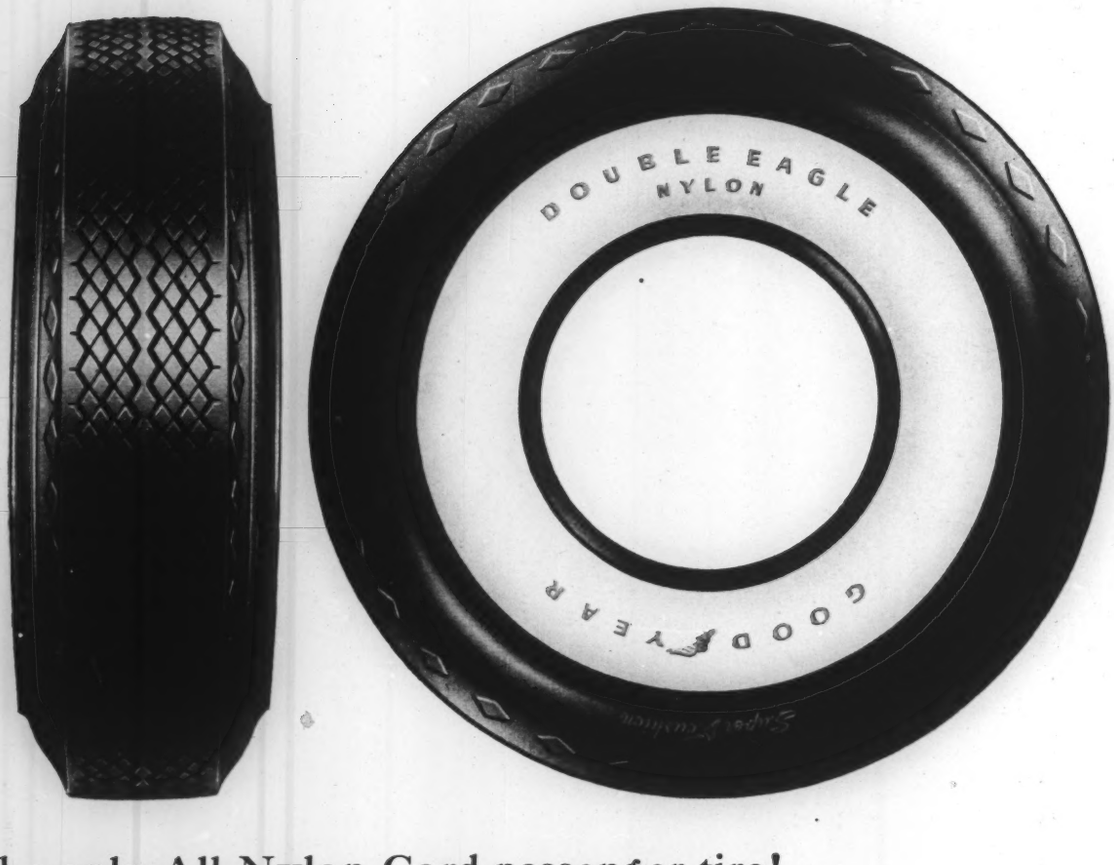

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UNDERSTANDING THE DOUKHOBORS

Nude parading and arson are manifestations of hostility and aggression among a people whose main characteristics are dependence and passivity

by B. K. Sandwell

IT BEGINS to look as if Canadians might at long last learn to understand their Doukhobors. If there were any prospect of the Doukhobors learning to understand their fellow-Canadians the Doukhobor problem might be considered as approaching a solution; but there isn't.

The prospect of Canadians coming to understand their Doukhobors is the result of the work of a Commission, very wisely asked for by the Attorney-General of British Columbia, and very judiciously selected by the President of the University of British Columba, for the purpose of making a thoroughly scientific inquiry into the basic causes of the difficulties between the Doukhobors and the general community. Unfortunately it is very doubtful whether the Doukhobors will be able to profit from the knowledge elicited by this Commission, and there is no possibility at all of their being able to make their own inquiry from their own point of view. All that we can hope for is, therefore, that a more intelligent approach to the Doukhobor problem by the people and authorities of British Columbia will gradually lead to a more intelligent reaction by the Doukhobors themselves.

The truth about the Doukhobors, as it emerges from this report, and especially from the psychological and sociological portions of it, is that the Doukhobors are in exactly the same position towards the modern world as a group of South Sea Islanders, except that, unfortunately for them, their islands are not surrounded by a vast ocean but are in the middle of a highly productive land area occupied, and governed, by progressive people. The twentieth century, instead of landing on their shores at rare intervals in the person of the occasional traveller, is all around them, and presses on them 24 hours a day. That they have maintained their insular culture in these circumstances for more than 50 years is a striking proof of their tenacity and of the strength of their form of society.

THE MOST IMPORTANT quality in that form of society is its power of personality-moulding. It turns out a personality which, especially on the male side, is in extreme contrast with the type of personality turned out by the pressures of our own twentieth-century society. The dominant characteristics of the Doukhobor personality are dependence (on the family and the Doukhobor community) and quietude or passivity. The aggressive qualities are almost entirely repressed, and the extreme repression of them leads to frustrations and inner contradictions. It makes life especially difficult for the Doukhobor male obliged to have contacts with non-Doukhobors, who are apt to have small respect for the totally non-aggressive individual of any origin, and particularly so when he comes from a group which is socially disapproved.

Unfortunately for the Doukhobor groups, this personality-moulding process does absolutely nothing to turn out the qualities needed for leadership, and yet an authoritarian society such as the Doukhobor group imperatively needs a leader. This is why such peculiar persons from time to time establish themselves as leaders of the Doukhobor community, and why they have to resort to such peculiar methods of asserting and maintaining their leadership. The great majority of male Doukhobors remain dependent and submissive all their lives, and while stronger personalities do occasionally develop the Doukhobor system offers no way by which they can be assured in the possession of authority. "The leader," says the Report, "is to many of them a powerful god-like creature to whom they defer and submit in expectation of receiving support and direction." Yet he leads simply because they submit, and if the results of his "direction" are disappointing they just stop submitting and his leadership is at an end.

Their passivity leads to an extreme form of incuriosity; they are incapable of enough self-assertion to inquire into the significance and causation of the events which affect them, and hence they "have recourse to a private, highly personal way of thinking" which takes no account of reality, and which the Report—rather unfortunately since few people will understand the term—decides to call "autism." This is, as one might expect, a grave obstacle in the way of communication not only with outsiders but even between Doukhobors themselves. For realistic appraisal of any situation they substitute "naive wishful thinking," which obviously makes them very difficult to argue with.

The two great manifestations of Doukhobor behavior—nude parading and arson—are closely associated with this non-aggressive attitude. Both of them are attempts at the mass expression—not individual expression—of a fundamentally aggressive feeling in a non-aggressive form. Arson may not strike the outsider as being particularly non-aggressive; but that is because the property instinct, which is strong in ordinary Canadians, is scarcely present at all in the Doukhobors, who take quite seriously the Biblical injunctions on the deceitfulness of riches.

The report finds that the Sons of Freedom, who do most of the arson, are merely directing their suppressed feelings of hostility against inanimate objects, because their training does not allow of their being directed against persons. "By burning houses, by dynamiting bridges, they are expressing destructive feelings that they can give vent to in no other way." The whole business is essentially irrational, but that does not disturb them because they are incapable of a rational approach.

AS FOR NUDITY, "removing one's clothes is a remarkably effective device for making other people uncomfortable and angry; such behavior can be easily rationalized and made to appear something other than the hostile act it actually is." The paraders "are usually unaware of the hostility they are expressing." Nudity among the Doukhobors themselves in Russia "had little of the emotional loading that it has for non-Doukhobors of this country. It must have been with some astonishment that the Doukhobors discovered the shocked horror with which people here responded to the sight of a completely nude body." Disrobing is a collective action for which "no detailed plans need be made, no capable leader nor structural social organization is required."

It must be remembered that the sexual stimulus of nudity depends to an immense degree upon circumstances. The Japanese bathe together without the slightest embarrassment; the Mohammedans used to be shocked if a respectable woman revealed her face. With us, female nudity is closely associated with the offer of intercourse, in which association it is indecent; but we have learned to tolerate it in a limited degree in cases where it has another and obviously legitimate purpose, as in the life classes of our art schools. And nothing could possibly have less sexual stimulus than a party of Doukhobors of all ages disrobed for the sole purpose of demonstrating their objection to some government regulation.

The authors of the BC report have very intelligently perceived that the difference between a nude parade and an ordinary indecent exposure lies in the collective nature of the former, and they have suggested that the criminal law against unlawful assembly be amended so as to include any nude demonstration of three or more persons. The offence would then be not the individual act but the character of the assembly; the penalty would be moderate, and the present sense of martyrdom would be lacking. The suggestion involves recognition of what seems to be a fact but may be one which Canadians will find it hard to accept, namely that Doukhobor mass disrobing is not in intent an indecent act, and is resorted to chiefly because non-Doukhobors insist on regarding it as an indecent act while Doukhobors do not so consider it.

Why They Act That Way

—"The leader is to many of them a powerful god-like creature to whom they defer and submit in expectation of receiving support and direction."

—"They have recourse to a private, highly personal way of thinking."

—"By burning houses, by dynamiting bridges, they are expressing destructive feelings that they can give vent to in no other way."

—"Removing one's clothes is a remarkably effective device for making other people uncomfortable and angry; such behavior can be easily rationalized and made to appear something other than the hostile act it usually is."

—"It must have been with some astonishment that the Doukhobors discovered the shocked horror with which people here responded to the sight of a completely nude body."

—Imperial Oil

HEART OF A BOOM: Oilmen in Leduc-Woodbend field. Calgary has had lion's share of oil fever.

CALGARY EXCHANGE: OIL'S HEADQUARTERS

by Basil Dean

Associate Editor, The Calgary Herald

THERE IS—or, at the time this was written, there was—a large hole in the plaster at one end of the Calgary Stock Exchange. It looks as if somebody ran into it, or leaned or was pushed so hard against it that the wall collapsed inwards.

And that is precisely what happened. On one of the Calgary Exchange's recent (and frequent) boom days, the crush on the floor was so great that one broker's man, trying to shove his way through the crowd to get to his telephone booth, pushed his shoulder clean through the wall.

Officials of the institution regard such occurrences with marked *sang-froid*; they are apt to treat them as normal characteristics of life on the Calgary Stock Exchange since that day in February, 1947, when Imperial Leduc No. 1 came in. In 1946, the Exchange traded 5,146,879 shares with a total value of $465,248. The following year, five times as many shares were traded—26,938,731—with more than ten times the value—$5,146,879, easily beating the 1929 record of 19,610,305 shares.

Records have been falling monotonously ever since, although not until this year has the Calgary Exchange managed to beat the 1929 record for the value of shares traded—$37,274,978. Last year's 84,674,464 shares was easily the highest on record; the value was $33,572,927—nearly $4 million lower than the 1929 figure. But in the first four months of this year, 1951's share value had already been equalled and nothing can prevent the Exchange from setting an all-time record by a very wide margin indeed on all counts during 1952.

All this work is carried on by fewer than 50 active members and a relatively small staff, in a room in Calgary's well-weathered Elks building. (The Exchange would like to get itself bigger and better quarters, but office space in Calgary gets scarcer by the week.) The Exchange has a total membership of 79—a static figure which is 21 less than its authorized membership of 100—and, of these 79, about 30 are inactive, many of them having retired from active business. The unpretentious room, however, has probably seen more of the excitement of Alberta's five-year-old oil boom than any other place in North America. The Exchange lists about 100 stocks, all but two of which are oils. Of the two remaining, one is a drilling company and the other is the recently-established Alberta Distilleries.

The latest boom on the Calgary Exchange was set off by the Alberta Government's announcement that it would permit the export of a relatively small amount of natural gas to BC from the Peace River fields. For days, only those of unusual physique could batter their way into the trading area through the crowds of lookers-on who, by an arrangement unique to the Calgary Exchange, are permitted to occupy a small bull-pen fenced off in one corner of the floor. Not only was the bull-pen habitually occupied to a density roughly approximating the Black Hole of Calcutta, but the hallway outside was also jammed tight by people trying to get hold of their broker, or see how their favorite stock was showing on the board, or just watching—with the fascination of a Damon Runyon character at Jamaica.

YET, in many ways, it has been a remarkably orderly boom. The first Turner Valley boom, shortly before the First World War, saw penny stocks being peddled to the public from horse-drawn wagons on Calgary's downtown streets, and brokers' offices springing up all over the city. Many citizens got singed when that particular bubble blew up in their faces, and, perhaps as a result of some long-lost memory of that episode, they encountered the 1947 outburst with singular caution. Even today, after several spasmodic booms, Calgary-listed oil stocks are anything but inflated. The average value in April of this year was around 60 cents, the highest average since Leduc; in 1929 it stood at $2, even after allowing for the October crash.

Nor has the price of seats been unduly inflated. In 1929, they traded for $12,000. During the second Turner Valley boom of 1936 they got up to around $7,000 or $8,000. Immediately before Leduc was discovered, they were down to $2,000, and in recent months they are reported to have changed hands for $4,500. "The speculative value of a seat," says one observer, "has gone. There has been no mushrooming of new brokers' offices in Calgary. Government regulation of the brokerage business has made people think twice before getting into it." Even so, $4,500 seems modest; it is said that a good trader would have no difficulty recovering the price of his seat in the first month he occupied it.

One result of this relatively conservative approach has been that existing brokerage houses have been hard put to it to keep up with the rush of business. On the biggest day in the Exchange's history, (April 3, 1952), 1,744,684 shares were traded with a total value of $1,009,670. Since the Exchange operates on a daily-settlement basis (Monday's transactions are settled on Wednesday, and so on), this, and other days nearly as big, loaded not only the brokers but the Exchange staff itself to the extreme limit of capacity.

R. W. Scrimgeour, a quiet-spoken Scot who left the brokerage business to become Secretary-Treasurer of the Exchange, confesses that the load is sometimes hard to bear. One large national firm of brokers has put on a complete double shift to handle the rush of business, hiring 70 new people simultaneously, and even this has not removed all the congestion.

Much of the trading is in stocks of less than $1 value, where purchases are accepted only for cash; by the time Mr. Scrimgeour and his office staff of ten had recorded the transactions of last April 3 and dispatched certificates to the brokers concerned, they were quite ready to call it a day. Many brokers were on the floor for the start of trading at 8 a.m. (7 a.m. when Toronto and Montreal are on daylight time) and were in their offices until 4 a.m. next day cleaning up the loose ends of business ready to start all over again four hours

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

AN UNTOLD STORY

WHEN SIR ADAM BECK TRIED TO BE PREMIER

by R. A. Farquharson

SIR ADAM BECK, who fathered Ontario's vast Hydro Electric System and throughout his distinguished life was always regarded as an active Conservative, tried to become the first premier of the first Farmers' Government in Canada.

The first overtures to this end were made by an emissary while Sir Adam was still a member of the Hearst Government and before the date of the election which placed the farmers in power in Ontario, was announced.

This statement, believed to be published for the first time, is made on authority of uncompleted memoirs of J. J. Morrison, Secretary of the United Farmers of Ontario. The existence of these unpublished recollections is not generally known even to men who were colleagues of Morrison in the dramatic days when politically inexperienced farmers were suddenly called upon to form the Government of Ontario.

The Morrison papers are now safely locked away in the Dominion Archives at Ottawa with instructions from the family that they be not made public while the men mentioned are still alive. Years ago the writer was asked to assist in completing the memoirs for publication but Morrison's health failed before the collaboration started.

But as Sir Adam Beck has long been dead, members of the Morrison family and former leaders of the UFO feel that this unpublished part of political history may now be told.

IT IS 33 years since the bald be-spectacled farmer from Arthur, suddenly became the man of the moment in Ontario, the power behind the UFO, which, without a political leader, without even a central political organization, had suddenly elected the largest group of members in the Ontario Legislature. By combining with Labor MPP's they equalled the Liberals and Conservatives.

James Morrison, who incidentally had no middle name and had added the second "J" to avoid confusion with a neighboring James Morrison, suddenly became "JJ" across the province. A self-educated man, he was one of the shrewdest political leaders in Canadian history. He had long been active in the Farmers' Grange and when he saw its inadequacy he helped found the UFO by taking over a number of Farmers' Clubs which the Provincial Government had organized as a non-political educational venture and combined them with the Grange and the Farmer's Association.

The UFO was his organization, but the only office he ever held was that of secretary. He was urged to accept the premiership, but he put another man in that position. He was accused of wanting to be the power behind the throne, a rural kingmaker, but his close friends always maintained that his ambition centred around success for the farm organization he had founded.

The UFO got into politics by spontaneous combustion. The blazing issue which made the farmers so angry was federal and not provincial. The Farmers felt agriculture was not getting a square deal from any government but the main cause of the agrarian revolt was the repudiation by the Borden Government in 1918 of the pledge not to conscript farmers' sons. This pledge was broken in the midst of the seeding season after a campaign to get every farmer to plant additional acreage. Over 1,000 farmers descended on Ottawa were snubbed by the government and lampooned by the press.

A by-election came up in Manitoulin and the farmers spontaneously entered an unknown candidate who was elected; another by-election in Ontario North and another UFO success.

All over Ontario farmers were nominating candidates and the stage was being set for the expected general election when Arthur Clarence Pratt, Conservative MPP for Norfolk South, called on J. J. Morrison.

THIS IS the story Morrison told me years ago, the story I read in greater detail in his unpublished papers. A former secretary of Morrison remembers some details; otherwise it is uncorroborated. I have checked with R. W. E. Burnaby, W. A. Amos, former presidents of the UFO, with W. C. Good, one of the four UFO originals, with Hon. H. C. Nixon, the only survivor of the UFO Government still in politics. None of them recalls hearing of a move by an emissary from Sir Adam Beck in advance of the election; all recall the Beck negotiations after the election.

Hon. E. C. Drury, who became the Farmers' Premier, does not think that the story is true. He writes from Barrie: "If Beck was scheming for the leadership, I for one did not know it and I don't think anyone else did except Morrison."

Morrison's Memoirs tell of Pratt pledging him to secrecy and then announcing the date of the election and the fact that a plebiscite on the Temperance Act would be held the same day. He announced his conviction that the Government was going to be defeated, his belief that the Farmers would win the election.

He told Morrison he had come from Sir Adam Beck, that Beck and a number of other Conservatives were fed up with Sir William Hearst, who they said had sold out the party to the "drys" when he put through prohibition without a mandate from the people or his party. Beck, he said, regarded Hearst as a man without a will of his own, controlled by his wife. He added that Hearst, a comparative unknown, had only been chosen premier because of the rivalry between Beck and W. J. Hanna.

Pratt's proposal was that the Farmers and Beck should come to a working arrangement before the election and that after the election Beck should be elected Farm leader. Beck was not going to run as a Hearst Conservative; he would enter the fight as an independent.

The memoirs quote Morrison as saying that with Beck as leader the Government would be a Beck government and not a farmers' government. Morrison did, however, ask release from his pledge of secrecy to consult other leaders. His final answer was that Beck would be considered as leader only if he ran as a UFO candidate.

Nothing more was heard from Sir Adam but Morrison used the information he had received to redouble his efforts. He had been confident before; now he was certain the Farmers would be elected. To him the key to the political situation was in the Government decision to hold a plebiscite on prohibition on election days. Women had never before voted in an Ontario election. The Farm women were ardently prohibitionist. Morrison was sure that the women from the farms would go as crusaders to the polls to vote for prohibition and for Farmers' candidates.

—Burns

UFO PREMIER Drury blocked Beck's radial-railways, thus saving Hydro from financial disaster. It is claimed Drury made Beck Memorial possible.

Morrison was just as certain as Beck that the Hearst Government had lost the support of all the anti-prohibitionist elements. He also doubted that Hearst could collect the dry Ontario vote which had been traditionally Liberal. He was certain that the dry Liberals would be most unhappy about the new Liberal Leader, Hartley Dewart, who was anything but a prohibitionist.

Then came the October election. Of 64 UFO candidates 43 suddenly found themselves MPP's and still the question of who was to lead them, who was to head the next cabinet, was unsettled. Beck had been defeated in London by one of the Labor candidates who were now allied with the Farmers.

Morrison called a caucus of successful and defeated candidates and UFO leaders to meet in the dingy rooms the UFO occupied above the United Farmers' Co-operative store on Toronto's King street east.

The first proposal came from W. C. Good, now in his mid-seventies, who recalls vividly his suggestion that the Farmers break away from tradition and instead of forming a party government, organize a government of all the groups with UFO, Labor, Liberals and Conservatives being represented in direct proportion to their membership in the House. The plan was too much of a departure for the caucus.

Manning Doherty, later to be Minister of Agriculture, then proposed that Sir Adam Beck be invited to speak. When it was suggested that it would take too long to bring him down from London, Doherty replied that he could have him present in 20 minutes.

The farmers and the city press were violently antagonistic. The narrow stairway leading to the upstairs offices was crowded with reporters. Neither Beck nor the farmers wanted the press to know that Beck had been called to the caucus.

So the Hydro knight was smuggled up the fire-escape and in to the caucus through a window.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

WHAT MAKES A NEWSPAPER?

A distinguished scholar of journalism stresses the "responsibility" of the press and states that the reader must demand that responsibility

by Louis M. Lyons

LOUIS M. LYONS is Curator of the Nieman Foundation of Harvard University and was formerly on the staff of the Boston Globe. In 1948 he was minister of information at the American Embassy at London. This article is based on excerpts from a speech Mr. Lyons recently gave to the National Newspaper Awards Dinner of the Toronto Men's Press Club.

IT IS the soundest basis for newspapermen's work that readers take so keen an interest in everything about newspapering. It is an indication of the place newspapers hold in the community.

It has often been said that most people feel they can teach school, tend store or run a newspaper at least as well as the people doing it. They may be right. Anyway, it is their inalienable right to think so. It is a great measure of insurance for the institution that they do. It means that they take a proprietary interest in their paper.

And it is very beneficial to all of us that the newspaper is so open an institution. All its sins of omission or commission are spread before the customer every morning or evening, and if he is a sophisticated reader he can detect them—of course, also all our strengths as well as weaknesses.

The whole field of communication has become immensely more important to people as their society has grown more complicated and the world of their necessary concerns has expanded. People need to know more than they ever needed to know before, to fulfill their function as citizens and voters; and what they need to know is often more difficult to find out and to understand. That makes our tasks in communicating more complex, more difficult, but more vital than ever. Often it is not enough to report a fact. It is the meaning behind the fact that is apt to be important, and apt to be elusive. We have to try to spell it out, to say, "This means that."

I FELT it particularly noteworthy that the Hutchins commission, assigned to consider the freedom of the press, added another dimension to its report and called it "A Free and Responsible Press." "Responsibility" was a tremendous addition. It says a great deal of what any of us would want to say, I believe, as to the requirements of newspapering—that it be responsible.

What kind of newspaper service is a community entitled to?

Some communities have had great good fortune in the character of their newspapers. A community can build its own airport or art museum or parks. But under our system it depends on chance for the kind of newspaper it has. Some towns have better luck than others. For, curiously, there has been very little community activity or even action by a few business leaders of a community to secure or maintain a good newspaper in town. Yet it would take no more than to endow what are the favorite enterprises of many leading citizens: art museums, symphony orchestras, private charities.

My city of Boston has historically had as many and as generous public benefactors in such enterprises as any. Yet none came forward fifteen years or so ago, to save the Boston *Transcript*, which might have been saved for the cost of a few fine paintings, and which had become an institution indigenous and characteristic of its community.

These are the two essential ingredients of newspaper service—to inform the readers and to direct attention to the issues of community concern.

By all odds the function of information comes first. That's the news—the facts. Given the facts, people can make up their own minds. The overweening obligation is to report, honestly, conscientiously, as fairly and fully as possible. The community has a right to feel sure that its newspaper will never suppress news because some interest, public or private, is served by withholding the facts.

It is entitled to a newspaper run by a publisher who believes that the paper should fairly represent the community and fairly reflect its community interests and whose editorial positions will be taken with a single regard for the community interest.

It is entitled to a newspaper that cares about information on public affairs and that publishes information with a decent regard to the intelligence and sensibilities and taste and decency of the readers. We have a right to expect that on an issue of controversy a fair report will be made, and that all sides are presented as they become available.

I THINK we have a right to expect that reporters of sufficient background and capacity will be assigned to important subjects and to special fields. The man covering a labor dispute should know what it is about and have some appreciation of the attitude and conditions on both sides. He should have a capacity to report more than just how many got hurt on the picket line.

I am sure that the reader has a right to expect his news to be presented in an interesting, lively and, if occasion calls for it, dramatic fashion. Our trade is writing. There is no place for the clumsy, dull, confused, complicated writer.

Philip Gibbs says a newspaperman needs a feeling for the quality of words. He means style. I wish we had more of it, more regard for it in the American temperament. We are all facts, fact-minded. That's all right. If we could have only one, I put facts ahead of style. But an easy reading style helps too.

Frank Sibley, a great reporter of my early days, once said the quality of a reporter is perennial curiosity. That is the attitude that goes for the facts—the indispensable quality, the questioning mind unsatisfied short of the full answer.

And now finally, if a stranger may venture to bring up an intimate problem.

In this task of communication, Canada seems to one from across the border to have a peculiarly difficult problem. This stems from the geography of Canada, its vast reaches, its spread-out population, with great expanses between populous areas, and particularly from the location of most of the population fairly close to the border of another country, that is larger, more highly organized, and of the same language, so that its media of communication, besides all its other production, are competitive and interchangeable with yours.

SO YOU have a two-fold problem of communication. One is to tie together all of your own widespread land with the unifying, community-building force of adequate communication. This, as the health and unity and community consciousness of your great country show, has been magnificently accomplished. A great job has been done by the press and all the instruments of communication of Canada.

The other side of the communications problem I am sure Canadians must have constantly in their consciousness. That is the nearness to the influence of so dynamic and expansive a force as the communications agencies of the United States. It is not just a neighbor country. It is an overwhelmingly dominant neighbor capable of supremely influencing, even dominating the entire continent.

This is both an asset and a liability to Canada and her communications. I am sure that the greater resources of our greatest news services, publishing houses, and production in all the graphic arts provide you, as us, with immensely valuable supplementary services and materials. It makes a wonderfully interwoven relationship, a great mutuality of interest. Long may it flourish.

But let it not flourish too lustily for the strength and individuality of your own Canadian institutions. If you were as far off as Australia you would be more secure from the all-pervading influence of the sheer mass and vast energy of the United States. And in no area is this mass and this tremendously dynamic energy more pervasive and enterprising than in our instruments of communication.

A near neighbor of lesser resources in this field can easily be overwhelmed. Only a strong creative culture that engenders its own dynamics and nourishes its own talent can maintain its own individuality, its own character, its own integrity.

Individuality is perhaps the hardest trait to maintain in this day of mass communication and mass distribution which makes so much for conformity. The problem is only different in degree on either side of the line. Standardization is a fine economy but it is something else in the world of ideas and in the creative arts.

The strength of diversity is a great strength of democracy and the very soil for the growth of talent, of originality—of all that makes people individuals and that gives a society and a culture a character of its own. Let us cherish it, reward it and stimulate it in all the arts and crafts that make our great field of communication for the greater glory and pride of both our countries.

THE MAYOR HUSTLES THE BOOM

by Robert Francis

Vancouver's Chief Magistrate, Fred Hume, is also the city's most enthusiastic booster

FRED HUME started in public life as a fireman for one city, finally wrote his own tale of two cities by becoming mayor of two (at different times). By the time of his second conquest he was so well off as a result of the private business he'd been running that he could afford to accept one dollar of the mayoral salary of $7,500, and give the other $7,499 away.

Before he reached his present position as Mayor of Vancouver, the New Westminster fireman with the Indian chief profile parlayed a wheelbarrow and a few electrician's tools into one of the largest electrical contracting businesses in the west. He is President and General Manager of Hume and Rumble, which is just five minutes' drive from the Vancouver city hall.

Now 59, Fred Hume has spent a vigorous life in sport, business and public affairs. It may have been partly his fame as a lacrosse player in a famous lacrosse town that first drew the attention of progressive civic groups to the young Hume. He'd played on Mann Cup teams with New Westminster's *Salmonbellies* before World War I, and his name came to mind when the Royal City looked for someone to shake up the elderly city council holding office in the early 1920's.

On his first two tries, in 1921 and 1922, he topped the polls, but both times was eliminated on a technicality. He finally made council in 1923, the youngest man, at 29, ever to sit there. By 1934 he was Mayor of the town, and for nine years nobody could unseat him.

His electrical business was already growing. As a fireman, his chief had found him handy with the electrical equipment, and set him to installing the city's new alarm system. Soon he quit the fire department to go into business for himself with the barrow and tools which were to grow into Hume and Rumble and a $3 million annual payroll.

In his aldermanic years he still found time for athletics, and, besides golfing and fishing, served as President of New Westminster Royals soccer club from 1927, guiding them to three Dominion titles. He's still a member of the Tyee salmon fishing club and half-owner of the Royals hockey team.

Once he made a pass at the Provincial Legislature on the Liberal ticket in Vancouver East, and, though he lost to Harold Winch, he gave the CCF veteran the closest race he ever contested.

After so many years in public life Hume feels that he likes the routine, besides having a chance to do something for the part of Canada he believes is growing faster than any other. Vancouver will be larger than Montreal, he asserts expansively, without suggesting when. Perhaps it was that hope, or the view of the city from his West Vancouver home on the hill, that led him from New Westminster to Vancouver politics.

—Jack Lindsay

SUCCESSFUL businessman and politician, Mayor Hume is a "doer" & idea man.

SO AFTER a few years' rest from the rounds of public life, he ran in the 1950 Vancouver elections and swept in three to two. The Mayor has expansive ideas for his city, because he is an expansive fellow. Like his personal relationships, his politics are direct rather than devious and he is impulsive, he admits, rather than scholarly. But he's the organizer, the energetic enthusiast, when he gets an idea. Sometimes he catches it hot and heavy from aldermen and the newspapers when he gets enthusiastic about a Hume scheme in which only Hume can see the virtue.

Plans for a new bridge across False Creek, a dead-end inlet of the harbor separating the downtown from the residential areas, were just about complete when enthusiast Hume decided the city should fill in the creek and build a causeway.

Aldermen shouted, the papers screamed, engineers mopped their brows, the taxpayers waited, and the idea died a natural death. Even if the scheme wasn't a good engineering or geographical project, Hume had been keen about it, and keenness, he infers, is a good characteristic in a public servant.

His *joie de vivre* extends to meeting fellow-citizens at some function or other about six nights a week. He belongs to more organizations than there are listed in the yellow section of the telephone directory, and, as the fracas about his giving away his salary demonstrated, he's the softest touch within a day's march of city hall.

Al Williamson and Charles Sutherland, ex-newspapermen who act as aides and trouble shooters, try to sort out the moochers from the needy cases. But it's hard to do, and they get no thanks from the Mayor for turning away a character who only looked like a chiseler.

The fellow just might, Hume admonishes his secretaries, have really needed a ten-spot.

It's a long time now since the day when Hume himself needed, and he has a fine home in West Vancouver to prove it. This was almost the cause of another of these technicalities which plagued his early efforts to reach public office.

A candidate for Mayor of Vancouver must live within three miles of the city boundary. Hume's house on Sentinel Hill in West Vancouver is some distance from the city, over the Lion's Gate Bridge which spans the harbor entrance. Well, candidate Hume argued in effect, take halfway across the harbor as the city limits, and that gives plenty of leeway. He's probably within three miles of town anyway, in case the opposition want to pace it out.

The dollar-a-year mayor business came up when Hume declined his first year's $7,500 so that he wouldn't have to pay income tax on it and could give it to charity. But Council resolved that the money had to be distributed through the city social service people. Thus, when Hume ordered a wheelchair for a 16-year-old girl paralytic in Burnaby, Council turned him down and he had to pay the $100 out of pocket. The same thing happened when he tried to pay a doctor's bill for a New Westminster family.

He didn't mind the money, he insisted. It was the principle of the thing. This year, so he can give his salary away as he pleases, he accepted it, paid the income tax and dispensed the balance personally. After all, he argued, his salary is his own.

But for publication he's much more interested in the province's industrial boom. The pulp mills, hydro schemes, mines, oil pipelines and other developments all lead business to Vancouver, he says happily.

To attract the people who bring business, Hume belongs to the bring-more - conventions - to - Vancouver school of thought.

"Those Americans tell me they never realize what we have to offer until they get here accidentally with a convention," he relates. "You only have to impress one or two among a gathering of 5,000, and soon somebody comes back with a new industry."

HE HAS GREETED a lot of important people in the course of his public life, including the Lord Mayor of London, and Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh. When the King and Queen visited Canada in 1939, he welcomed them as Mayor of New Westminster, so the visit of Elizabeth and Philip was his second brush with royalty. It was marred by an accident, sustained as he rehearsed the ceremony for greeting his royal visitors. Mayor Hume slipped and fell on the ice at the Forum, breaking his arm—but he carried on when they arrived, greeting them with one arm in a sling.

As a life member of the International Brotherhood of Electricians, Hume has never forgotten his beginnings as a hustling fireman and electrician, or how he started Hume & Rumble with himself and an office boy. He likes the idea of a country where a working boy can become Mayor of two cities, millionaire contractor and a guiding hand in a province where things are really just starting to roll.

THE WORLD TODAY

THE MEANING OF KOJE

by Willson Woodside

—Herblock

"OH GREAT!"

THE KOJE AFFAIR provides an almost perfect lesson in how the Communists operate, and in how far some of our people are from understanding what they are dealing with. A month or so ago we seemed to be comfortably on top of things in Korea. We had worked out a "packaged" proposal which many thought might at last secure a truce settlement. And we had scored a tremendous propaganda success in releasing the prisoner screening results, which showed that only 70,000 of the 173,000 enemy POW's were willing to be repatriated.

I believe this was a very heavy blow to the enemy; and this view is supported by the great effort he has made to counter it. This is our lesson: he didn't give up for a moment, but set to work at once to scheme up an effective counter stroke. Our lack of vigilance and lack of understanding of the political side of this war gave him an opening, and how shrewd a blow he struck is witnessed by the confusion presently reigning behind our lines in Korea.

The folly of the two commandants of the big Koje POW Camp, Dodd and his successor Colson, in playing into the Communists' hands has dealt the U.S. a severe prestige blow (Senator Richard Russell called it a "national humiliation"). The U.S., criticized by her allies for running the Koje show by herself and making a mess of it, has received sharp protests from Canada and Britain for moving in detachments of their troops to help; the *Christian Science Monitor* correspondent wrote next day from Tokyo that this was "exactly the type of dissension in the Allied partnership which the Communists are seeking to foster."

The damning admissions which Colson allowed himself to be blackmailed into, of brutal treatment of prisoners, forcible screening (meaning that the screeners forced the prisoners to say they didn't want to be repatriated), and rearming (implying that Chinese prisoners who are not to be rapatriated are being impressed into Chiang Kai-shek's army), have given Peking and Moscow all the material they need for a terrific propaganda offensive to wipe out the effect of our repatriation poll.

HERE, RIGHT BEFORE OUR GAZE, is an example of how the "big lie" is used. We have been "going easy" with the enemy prisoners, giving them soft treatment in the hope of securing better treatment for our men in enemy hands and aiding the truce talks. We didn't try to separate Communists from anti-Communists until they began to kill each other in scores, early last winter, in a struggle for control of the compounds.

We were not decided on non-repatriation of those who didn't want to return until April. And before we screened the prisoners we are supposed to have offered the enemy, during the secret sessions at Panmunjom, an opportunity to make appeals to the prisoners to return home, promises of amnesty, which we would read to the POW's over loudspeakers. Certainly the enemy radio made these appeals, for I have them on file.

Finally, when the screening was undertaken, we asked a series of questions intentionally slanted to persuade the prisoners to go home, so as to "save face" for the Communists and help the truce talks. Here are the seven questions: 1. "Would you like to return to China (or North Korea)?" If "yes", no further questions were asked. 2. "Would you forcibly resist repatriation?" If "no", the prisoner was scheduled for return home. 3. "Have you carefully considered the serious effect of your decision on your family?"

4. "Do you realize that you may remain at Koje longer than those who choose repatriation?" 5. "Do you understand that the UN Command has never promised to send you to a certain place (Formosa)?" 6. "Do you still insist on forcibly resisting repatriation?" 7. Despite your decision, if the UN should repatriate you, what would you do?" *Unless the prisoner mentioned suicide, escape or fight to the death, he was nevertheless written down for repatriation.*

What was the outcome of this combination of vague good intentions, anxiety to facilitate a truce and lack of understanding of what makes Communism tick? Though our announcement that only 70,000 out of 173,000 prisoners were willing to return was surely one of the most resounding blows to Communism since the end of World War II (when we committed the moral wrong and the political mistake of forcibly repatriating hundreds of thousands of former Soviet citizens and soldiers), the only visible effect on the enemy was to spur him to counter-action.

WHEN WE WERE IN CONTROL: inspection in a big Koje compound. After we ceased to enter the compounds, Communist leaders took over in many, made crude weapons, drilled men for mass breakout.

—AP

HE IS NOT IMPRESSED in the slightest by the truth or error of the figures, or the moral condemnation which they imply of his regime. All he is concerned to do is to extricate himself from a propaganda debacle and scheme how to turn the tables on us.

Naturally his first effort was to throw doubt on the correctness of the screening. Here the type of person whom one meets, unfortunately, more and more frequently in Canada as in Europe, who would deny being "anti-American" but loves nevertheless to take constant digs at the Americans, their ineptitude and their hysteria, their lack of culture and their lack of policy, plays right into the Communists' hands. Two journalists from London and one from Ottawa have told me in the past few days that the "inside story" of the screening of the prisoners was "shocking".

More clever and ingenious was the enemy effort to use the prisoners themselves to refute our story that they don't want to go back. Obviously they have good contact with the fanatical Communist leadership in the Koje compounds; and, while we always think of prisoners trying to escape, it is entirely possible that the enemy has arranged for reliable and well-briefed Communist leaders to get *into* the camps on Koje. In the same way, we can be sure that he has arranged for Communist leaders to declare themselves against repatriation and thus

—Carmack in Christian Science Monitor

BRIGHT SPOT ON A DARK PAGE

get into the camps set up for anti-Communists on the mainland.

With this set-up he gives the signal, and riots break out on Koje and even among the supposed anti-Communist prisoners on the mainland. Then Peking Radio can scream that "the answer to Admiral Joy's hypocritical mouthings about our prisoners not wanting to return home is given in the struggle of Korean and Chinese POW's against American tanks, bullets and reprisals to demonstrate that they prefer death rather than a life in exile or slow death at the hands of the enemy." Infinite variations and repetitions of this theme fill the daily transmissions of Moscow, Peking and Pyongyang radios, and the Communist press of the world.

The enemy is thus able, through the lack of understanding and imagination of our people, *to use his men as effective combatants, even after they have been taken prisoner.* Under his orders and direction they are tying down a large number of our troops and have dealt the U.S. a severe prestige blow. In fact, it could be argued that he is gaining more through the use of his prisoners at the present time than with his soldiers in the line. He doesn't care a whit if this costs the lives of hundreds of prisoners; and it might have cost thousands had a mass break-out been ordered, as the present commandant, General Boatner, believes was intended and was a real possibility in early May.

Quite the opposite, the enemy undoubtedly welcomes the provision of "martyrs" for his cause; the holding of great public funerals for such "martyrs" is standard procedure after every Communist riot, in Tokyo or Teheran, in Paris or in Essen. Prisoners are just as expendable as sol-

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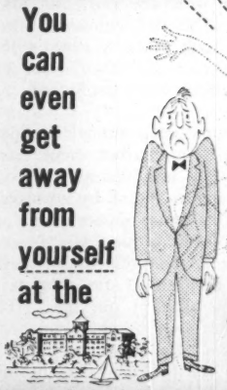

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diers at the front. They are, in effect, soldiers in the rear—if we permit them to be.

This is the meaning of Koje. This enemy never quits, never sleeps in in the morning. For all the beating MacArthur gave the North Koreans in 1950 and Ridgway and Van Fleet gave the Chinese last year, there their armies stand today, more powerful than ever before. For all the one-sided victories which our airmen won over the *Migs* when they first appeared, the Soviets and Chinese have persisted and have built up a huge air force which may some day strike a sudden, devastating b'ow at our air bases, supply dumps, and traffic behind the lines.

For all that most Korean refugees and most of the enemy prisoners "choose freedom" with our side, the enemy has never given up his effort to discredit South Korean democracy and portray it as a rule of terror. No doubt he has had a hand in creating the present political crisis in the South; and certainly he always stands ready to exploit Syngman Rhee's reputation for reaction.

So, fighting on every front all the time, this enemy has managed to throw us into confusion, with the Allies bickering among themselves, with neutrals half-believing that we are using germ warfare and don't want to negotiate a truce, with Syngman Rhee at war with his parliament, while overall hangs the threat stressed by Mr. Churchill and Lord Alexander, that with his forces doubled during the truce talks, while our veterans have been "rotated" home, the enemy might open a powerful new offensive at any time.

The experience ought to be a salutary corrective to the over-confidence which periodically asserts itself on our side.

CALGARY EXCHANGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

later. Even with 45 telephone lines—more than any other concern in Calgary—plus assorted tickers and teleprinters, the facilities of the Exchange were only barely adequate to cope with the rush.

And it appears to be snowballing. So many Calgarians are now employed in oil offices of one kind and another, with access to hot tips of varying (but quite frequently excellent) quality, that the number of small speculators actively trading is rapidly increasing. Some may have lost money, but such experiences are rarely, if ever, talked about. One woman bought into an independent company on April 2 at 46 cents. Shortly after 8 next morning, her broker phoned to ask if she would sell at 96. She said she would hold out for $1. By 9, the stock was down to 60 cents and at this writing stood at 50.

But this is about as sad a story as you are likely to hear. More frequently the gossip is more cheerful, as for example the story of the woman who went to the Stock Exchange bull-pen, found her broker and gave him an order to buy. She stood around for a short while watching the board, liked what she saw, and told him to sell. The only monetary transaction that took place was when the broker handed her his cheque for $500, representing her profit on her brief flutter.

Sometimes, officials themselves are surprised. One of them, pushing his way out into the hall the other day, was button-holed by an unkempt, unshaven figure in tattered clothes who was looking for "Mr. So-and-so"—a broker. The official directed him to the bull-pen. Later that day he saw the broker in question. "There was an odd-looking character around here looking for you," he said. "Oh yes," said the broker. "One of my clients. He made himself $10,000 on the Exchange last month."

■ Petroleum isn't a nine-to-five affair in Calgary. It's part of the social life too. Second headquarters for Calgary oil men is the "Petroleum Club". The club's 1,000 active shareholders and 200 associate members are almost all associated in some way with oil and gas.

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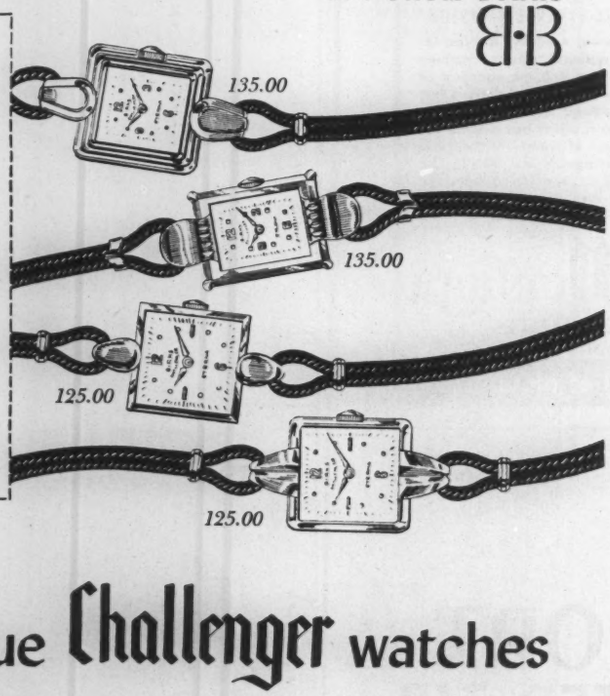

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LONDON LETTER

SPONSORED TV FOR BRITAIN?

by P. O'D.

London.

IN ITS White Paper on the proposed new 10-year charter for the BBC, the Government makes a slight concession to the advocates of sponsored and competitive broadcasting, but only in television and not for a long time yet—four years at least. Sound broadcasting is to remain a BBC monopoly as at present. There is to be no commercial intrusion into those green and smiling pastures, though how green and how smiling is naturally a matter of opinion.

In television the position is apparently different, though why it should be so different is not immediately clear. The promise is made that some form of competition from privately owned stations will be permitted, but only when the general economic position has sufficiently improved, and when the BBC has completed its own plans for covering the country. These call for a further five stations.

The more ardent advocates of sponsored television — mostly Conservatives, by the way—will no doubt be disappointed. So also will be the extremists on the other side who regard any introduction of commercial competition as dangerous. But to the average listener and viewer the compromise seems a reasonable one.

The granting of a 10-year charter is an expression of public confidence in the BBC and in the way it has been run. This confidence has, on the whole, been thoroughly deserved. But there are a good many people who would like to see some opening for competitive broadcasting, if only as a means of keeping the BBC on its toes. Something is being done for them too—not much perhaps, and not soon, but something. It is the British way.

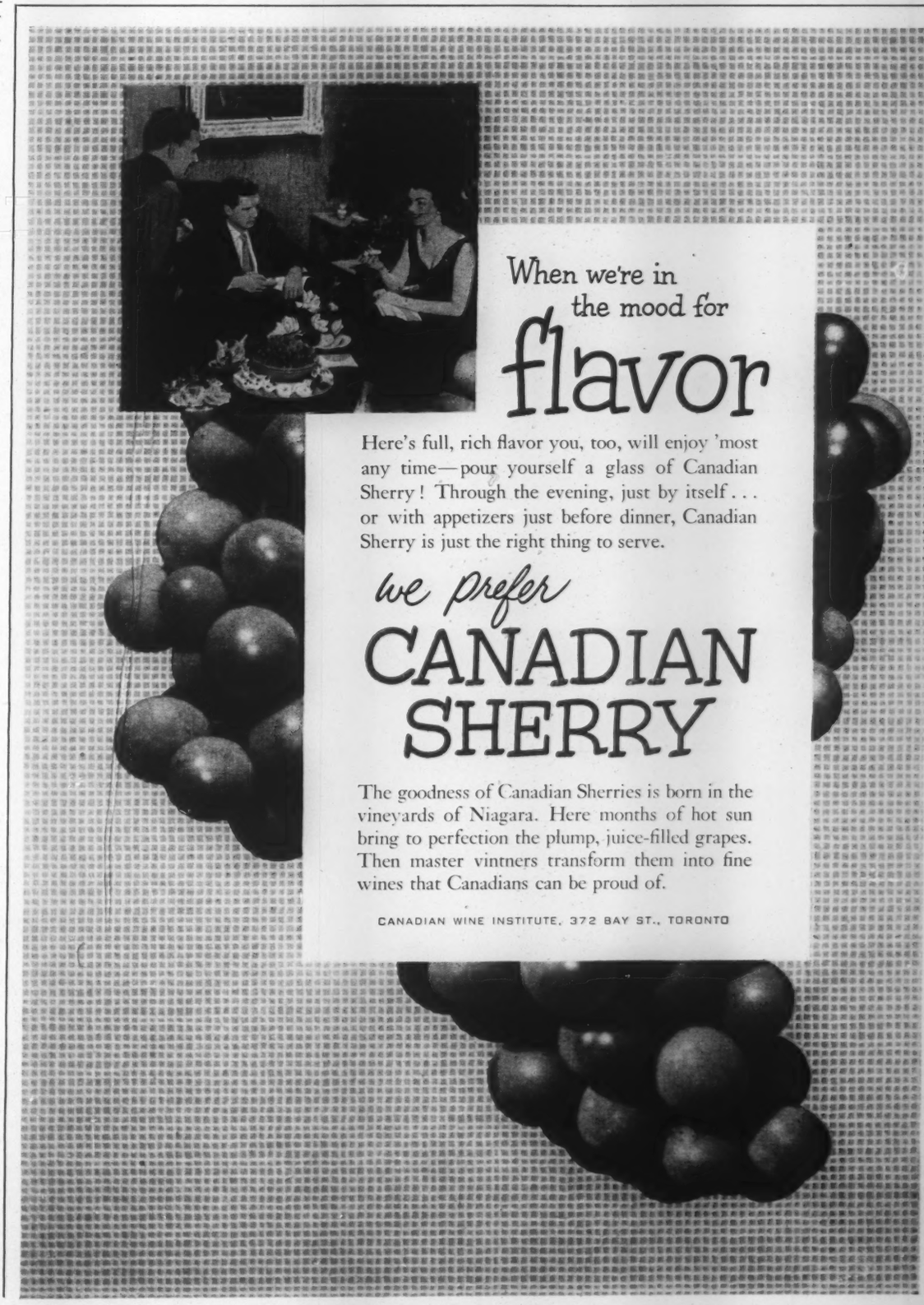
WHEN THE CHANCELLOR of the Exchequer, Mr. Butler, made his courageous and practically unavoidable cuts in the subsidies, especially the food subsidies, it was certain that his decision would lead to widespread demands for increased wages. But even the prophets of industrial turmoil and economic woe must be surprised at the extent of the demands and the peremptory and almost fierce tone in which they are being made. The whole movement has in fact become a very serious threat to the economic stability of the nation.

Nearly 8,000,000 workers are demanding increases totalling something like £500,000,000 a year. And there is little prospect at present of their abating their demands. Much more prospect in fact of their increasing them still further.

No use telling the unions, as the Chancellor has on several occasions explained to them—only two or three days ago to the TUC, for instance—that the steady rise of prices has been met by the equally steady rise of wages, and that the huge increase in the wages bill is the surest way of sending prices sky-hooting.

The most ominous feature of the whole position is the bitter spirit of the unions. They have a rankling sense of grievance, and it has nothing to do with Communism, though the Communists will of course do all they can to play it up. The ordinary sensible British trade-unionist is convinced that the cuts in the subsidies have been aimed at the workers, that the lowest paid are the hardest hit, and that it has all been done in the interest of the better-off classes. Nothing will get it out of his head.

Warnings of the danger of sending wages and prices whirling up still faster in pursuit of one another leave him cold. So also do the warnings, often repeated by Sir Stafford Cripps, that the working man would be the first and worst victim of such a race. The threat to British exports in a world-market that is becoming ever more competitive does not worry him in the least. He wants more money and he means to get it. As it is quite impossible to grant his demands, it looks like a very troubled time ahead for everybody—including the working man.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WHEN BECK TRIED TO BE PREMIER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

As a young reporter with a rural background — the only Toronto reporter Morrison at that time trusted — I think I was the only reporter to know during the long vigil who had been invited upstairs.

One of the MPP's still remembers the warmth of Sir Adam's address. When Beck had finished speaking and had been ushered down the fire-escape, the caucus was ready to vote immediately on the leadership. T. K. Slack, MPP for Dufferin, was willing to resign his seat for the Hydro Knight. It had been moved and seconded that Beck be chosen. It was here that Morrison showed his famous blocking tactics.

Realizing that the vote would carry, and determined to prevent Beck becoming the first Farmers' Premier, he suggested a week's delay. He suggested a committee of six should be appointed to look into Beck's qualifications and into the qualifications of some of their own members for the leadership.

Sir Adam was crusading then for a network of hydro-radial-railways. His radial-railway policy had caused some of the friction with Sir William Hearst. The Farmers remembered that at the 1918 UFO convention a resolution had been passed "that this convention views with alarm the proposed hydro-radial policy involving the expenditure of millions of dollars on a railway intended in many instances to duplicate existing railways."

A little more investigation and it wasn't too hard a job for Morrison to block the Beck-for-Premier drive.

W. C. Good, who recalls waiting on Sir Adam Beck, says that Sir Adam's ardor had cooled and the committee reported that he had lost interest. Drury is more positive: "Beck was friendly but turned down the offer. I had the impression he thought the risk was too great."

Sir Adam told London Conservatives: "I considered that a very great honor . . . But it looked a little too much for me, and I thought otherwise; that is all."

Beck has left no record of his side of the story. H. D. Rothwell of the Ontario Hydro recalls one conversation with Sir Adam. Sir Adam told him that he had been approached to stand for Farm Premier, that he had insisted that he should have complete freedom to choose his own cabinet; that he could not operate with a cabinet of completely untrained personnel; that he must have complete freedom of policy. These terms, Sir Adam said, had not been accepted.

DRURY's recollection is clear: "That left the matter where it had started—no leader. Morrison and I had both been proposed and had refused. Now they turned to me again . . . I did not want the leadership. I offered to take Morrison's place as Secretary and give it back to him when and if the political experiment failed. I think most people expected it to fail. It was not cheerful news to learn that the betting was 2 to 1 that if a government was formed, it would not live to meet the first legislature . . . I took a week to consider the matter and talk it over with my wife. We accepted in the end, but very reluctantly and from a strong sense of duty. Ignominious failure seemed all too probable."

Thus Drury, the first president of the UFO, an early leader in the Grange, one of the founders of the Canadian Council of Agriculture, answered the call of the Lieutenant-Governor to form a cabinet. He continued Sir Adam Beck as head of the Ontario Hydro but through Royal Commissions, new legislation and refusal to sanction construction without direct votes of the municipalities backing the bonds, effectively blocked Beck on his pet proposal to build a network of radial railways.

Drury was heavily attacked for his stand at the time but as W. E. Elliott remarks in his new book "Politics Is Funny", "It is the irony of fate that the monument to Beck in University Avenue might never have been erected had he succeeded in going ahead with his pet project."

Drury and Morrison as old and close associates started the new adventure of Farmers in Government.

The friendship collapsed at once.

The story of why that friendship collapsed will be told in the next issue.

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—Dominion Gallery, Montreal

CANADIAN PRIMITIVE: "Elections at Ste. Angele" by Marie-Cecile Bouchard.

RURAL QUEBEC PAINTERS

THE "primitive" creations of Grandma Moses had been anticipated by a remarkable Canadian unschooled painter, S. Mary Bouchard. Miss Bouchard, who died in 1945, at the age of 32, was painting bright oils of Quebec's Charlevoix County many years before Grandma Moses gave up her needlework. Recently, a collection of S. Mary Bouchard's canvases went on exhibition in Montreal's Dominion Gallery. Beside them, were hung works by her two younger sisters, Marie-Cecile Bouchard and Edith Bouchard. Sister Marie Cecile, who began painting in 1938, retired to the convent of Sisters of Sainte Antoniennes in 1950. Edith Bouchard now continues the family tradition of self-taught Charlevoix folk art.

BRAIN-TEASER

START TO NIBBLE

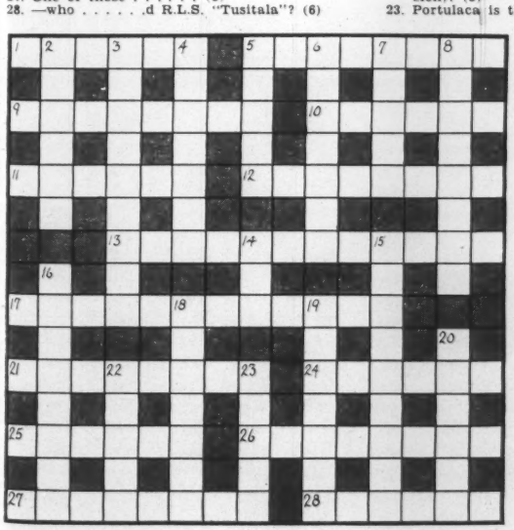
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. What a mess if the magician found his hat contained a Welsh one. (Rare, nowadays, of course) (6)
5. Night air, but not necessarily enjoyed only at alfresco concerts. (8)
9. Melting pot for club rice. (8)
10. 7, to be courteous, finally gets the point. (6)
11. One can't expect to be with a broken limb and only half a knee. (6)
12. Certainly not the fat of the (head) land. (8)
13. Might make a hit at the members' luncheon. (4, 8)
17. Some grandmas change their appearance, but few use paint as she does! (7, 5)
21. The froth of radio operas? (8)
24. They hold the eyes. (6)
25. A composer of 5s across has a vessel on exhibit, by the sound of it. (6)
26. Did he paint his animals in real dens? Not exactly! (8)
27. One of those . . . . . (8)
28. —who . . . . . d R.L.S. "Tusitala"? (6)

DOWN

2. No need to be! English airmen to the rescue! (6)
3. What Shakespearian sceptics do—and eat their words, no doubt. (4,5)
4. Certainly not a very moving presentation, though picturesque. (7)
5. This must do! There's no getting out of it. (5)
6. Prudence is taking care of this. (7)
7. Deposited in your bank in the city. (5)
8. Unchosen paragon. (8)
14. Uncle from 20. (3)
15. Was, has bin, and is! (9)
16. Little brother chose, perversely, to wear them, the sissy! (8)
18. The departed is usually, but the mode changed when the ashes-holder came in. (7)
19. He, no doubt, had many mirring stoments. (7)
20. The lines of a water-nymph? (6)
22. Father goes to seed. (The Browning Version). (5)
23. Portulaca is this kind of flower. (5)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1 and 5. Weather reports
10. See 8
11. Broken
12. Echo
13. Sunny
14. Slog
15. Wens
16. East
17. Ate
20. See 26
21. Lows
23. Mean
26 and 20. Rear end
27. Drops
28. Emir
29. Strain
30. Mariners
31 and 32. See 8

DOWN

2. Evince
3. Tadpoles
4. Egoists
6. Embryos
7. Oboist
8. 10, 32, 31 and 19. The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow
9. Thunderstorms
18 and 1. Under the weather
19. See 8
22. Ordinal
23. Mistral
24. Breath
25. Citron

(213)

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PORTS OF CALL

GRAND SCENIC CIRCUIT

by Ernest Evans

PROBABLY no section of British Columbia offers more wealth of history, romance, and natural beauty to the traveller than the trip over the "Grand Scenic Circuit." This combines the Trans-Canada Highway through the Fraser Canyon, over the Okanagan Highway past acres of farmland and orchard, and via the Southern Trans-Provincial Highway through the mountain wonderland of Ernest C. Manning Park.

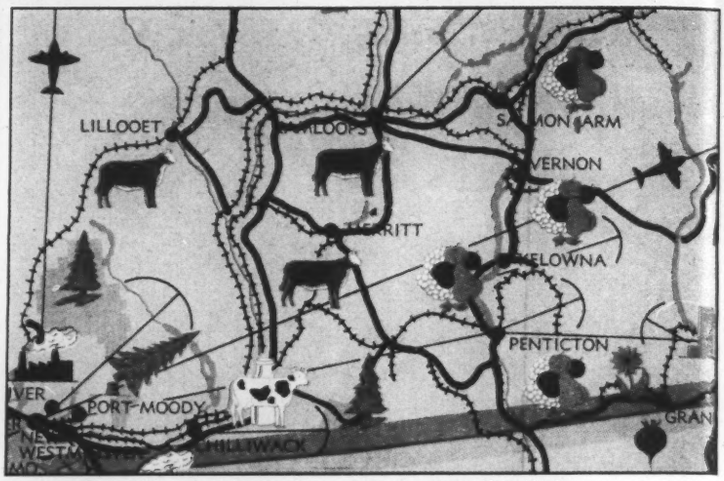
The route leads past rushing rivers and yawning canyons; snow-capped peaks; cascades and waterfalls; miles and miles of orchards; dairy and ranching country; logging camps and sawmills; seed-growing farmlands and market gardens; sun-kissed sandy beaches and picturesque parks—where camp-sites are being developed for the convenience of the public—and hundreds of lakes and streams that invite the fisherman to some of the finest sport in the world.

From the starting point at Vancouver the route continues through the industrial city of New Westminster, or the "Royal City," over the Patullo Bridge across the Fraser, and moves on to such pleasant communities, modern villages, cities and towns as Langley Prairie, Aldergrove, Abbotsford, Chilliwack and Rosedale, all noted for rich farmlands, small industries, and dairy farms.

One can also take the alternate route over the Lougheed Highway on the north side of the Fraser, which touches Port Moody, Port Coquitlam, Mission and Agassiz, a broad belt of fine farming country. At Mission a bridge spans the river to return the motorist to the Trans-Canada Highway, or the ferry can be taken to Rosedale from Agassiz.

The adventurous trip through the Fraser Canyon and some of the most spectacular and rugged scenery on the North American Continent commences where the Trans-Canada Highway intersects with the Southern Trans-Provincial at Hope, at one time head of navigation to the Pacific Coast. From Hope the road crosses the Fraser again and winds through a thickly forested country to Yale, a tiny spot which bears little resemblance today to the roaring camps of the sixties, when the gold-seekers invaded the bars of the river.

A few miles further on begins the climb through a series of rocky bluffs and two or three short loops to Alexandria Bridge, which is a replica of the one built by the Royal Engineers opening up the country in 1863.



—Map courtesy British Columbia Government Travel Bureau

TRAVEL ROUTES AND THE CHIEF INDUSTRIES

A few miles beyond the bridge is the first glimpse of Hell's Gate, a favorite stopping place for sightseers and camera enthusiasts. The roaring river, hundreds of feet below, swings in a long course between the jagged walls of the canyon and turns back in a jumble of criss-crosses and boiling whirlpools. For the more adventurous a path leads down the canyon.

Further on at Boston Bar, a unique aerial tramway operated by cable, connects with North Bend on the opposite shore. Suspended 90 feet above the swirling waters it affords a thrill for those who make the crossing.

THE HIGHWAY leaves the Fraser at Lytton to follow the faster-flowing Thompson. Here the countryside is a distinct contrast to the Coast Range, with the benchlands of the cattle country beginning to appear. At this point one can go directly from Lillooet to the upper regions of the Cariboo country or continue on to Spence's Bridge and Cache Creek to reach the Cariboo Highway. At Spence's Bridge the traveller may also turn aside to follow the Nicola River to Merritt, where the highway goes north to Kamloops or south to Princeton.

To Ashcroft and Cache Creek the main road follows the Thompson for some distance, but soon emerges into a park-like irrigated area which is also famous for its fishing lakes and hunting.

The approach to the prosperous city of Kamloops presents a picture. Surrounded by the high hills and wide benches of the cattle ranges, it is the home of the famed Kamloops trout, and gives access to fishing in the hundreds of lakes close by.

A short distance out of Kamloops another highway bears off to Westwold, Falkland and Vernon. The main road, however, follows the South Thompson to Chase, Sorrento and other villages, where more farms catch the eye. Before reaching Salmon Arm, situated on one of the many arms of beautiful Shuswap Lake, one leaves the Trans-Canada Highway, which continues on through Sicamous—a picturesque village popular with fishermen—to Revelstoke and the "Big Bend" road which carries through to the Alberta border.

Salmon Arm, where the "Grand Scenic Circuit" continues on the Okanagan Highway, is the centre of a rich farming area. Driving through Enderby, Grindrod and Armstrong, with miles of orchards, dairy farms, and market gardens, one is aware that here is a land "flowing with milk and honey." Lakes and resorts are accessible every few miles.

Well known for the growing and packing of fruit, Vernon stands at the entrance to Okanagan Lake, more than 60 miles in length. From Vernon to Kelowna and Penticton the land is checkered with orchards. Between Vernon and Kelowna the highway hugs the shores of Kalamalka Lake (known as the lake of many colors), and Woods Lake, another of the trout fishing lakes.

A short ferry trip across Okanagan Lake breaks the journey at Kelowna, a progressive city in the heart of the Okanagan. It is the scene of an international regatta each year, which has become recognized as the premier aquatic event in Western Canada.

Commonly known as the "City of Peaches and Beaches," Penticton is the next port of call. A chief marketing centre, it is a thriving and modern city. Ten miles south of Penticton the Okanagan Highway joins the Southern Trans-Provincial to continue the circuit.

THE PICTURE changes again in the ranchlands at Keremeos and the mining centres of Hedley and Princeton. Winding through mountain scenery of the Cascade Range after leaving Princeton the Similkameen Canyon provides an impressive spectacle. From a vantage point high above the canyon one can look across the dizzy gorge to a railway which crawls on the face of a cliff.

Past picturesque Similkameen Falls, the highway traverses Ernest C. Manning Park, a lovely mountain area set aside by the Government for recreation. Flower-strewn alpine meadows, good fishing, wildlife of all kinds are being developed.

The summit in this mountain playground is reached at Allison Pass, 4,400 feet above sea level. After the valley of the Sumallo and Skagit Rivers, journey's end is at Hope, starting off point of "Scenic Circuit."

MUSIC

NEW RECORD RELEASES

SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE — *Berlioz.* This is the program-symphony that caused considerable discussion back in the 1830's. The symphonic story tells of a young musician, distraught with a soured love affair, who seeks suicide and takes opium. Instead of death, the drug brings haunting visions. Eduard van Beinum conducts the Concertgebouw of Amsterdam in a flamboyant reading of the fantastic tale in all its weird orchestral details. (London—LLP-489.)

SUITE BERGAMANESQUE — *Debussy;* GASPARD DE LA NUIT—*Ravel.* The greatest disservice ever rendered Debussy has come from anemic imitative composers following his impressionism idiom and from namby-pamby interpreters moon-struck by "Claire de Lune". Here is some of the best Debussy and Ravel we have heard in a long time—played by American pianist Frank Glazer. Glazer waters nothing down. He catches the poetry of Debussy without over-sentimentalizing. He establishes a mature rapport with the listener for the flowing melody and solid harmonic development. His Ravel is equally full-bodied with lustrous chords of the "Ondine" and spirited rhythmic quality. Recording: crisp. *(Polymusic—PRLP 1005.)*

FLUTE CONCERTO IN D—*Haydn;* OVERTURE IN D—*Telemann.* Neither of these works is a major classic but in combination they make a delightful contribution to anyone's library of chamber music. Don't worry about the fact that some musicologists say Haydn didn't write the flute concerto. It is still a fluent and graceful thing as played here by Georg Philipp. The orchestral contribution is by the Scheck-Wenzinger Chamber Group. (Telemann was a German contemporary of Bach.) Both performance and recording have been sensitively handled. *(Urania—URLP 7031.)*

SONGS OF VICTOR HERBERT—Eleanor Steber gives these eight tried and true Victor Herbert favorites a heavy, lush treatment, with Percy Faith, his orchestra and chorus to back her up.

Soprano Steber scores a point with the dramatic intensity with which she invests the well-born hits of a yesteryear, but strikes heavy sailing in "The Italian Street Song", which demands a lighter, more flexible handling. Recording: good. *(Columbia — ML 2192.)*

CONCERTO NO. 2 IN C MINOR—*Rachmaninoff.* Willima Kapell; the Robin Hood Dell Orchestra under William Steinberg. The version for *London* last summer with Julius Katchen, piano, and the New Symphony Orchestra under Fistoulari is still unmatched for recording brilliance and richness but Kapell is the better pianist. *(Victor—LM 1097)*

STRING QUARTET IN E FLAT—*Haydn.* STRING QUARTET IN D MAJOR—*Boccherini.* Played with an intuitive understanding and compassionate warmth by the New Italian Quartet, these quartets are far from being eighteenth-century period pieces. The Haydn is alive with deft charm and the graceful intimacy so necessary for chamber music at its best. The players give it the affectionate treatment it deserves.

The Boccherini, more somber with its slow minor middle movement, suffers by comparison. Boccherini was a prolific writer, but most of his work has fallen by the wayside. This quartet is a valuable reminder of a composer who fell not too far short of greatness. *(London—LLP 320.)*

AN AMERICAN IN PARIS—*Gershwin;* BILLY THE KID—*Copland.* Leonard Bernstein conducts the RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra through a pair in the free-wheeling jazz idiom. "American in Paris" still carries a lot of ideas, which, though they came from 1928 and had all the limitations of a flapper-coonskin-prohibition era, bear study today. The programmatic emphasis (*e.g.,* the Tourist Walking Themes) was made with broad imagination and slick scoring—good for any age. And some of Gershwin's ideas are better in the hands of Bernstein than in Gershwin's.

Copland's Ballet Suite from Billy the Kid is compounded of rich cowboy thematic and rhythmic atmosphere and a set of brilliant tone colors. Such cowboy tunes as "Git Along Little Dogies", "The Dying Cowboy" and "The Old Chisholm Trail" are embedded in the score. It's realistic music for it followed a realistic ballet story (Billy's tough career was short and ended tragically). Bernstein gives it a "howdy podnuh" treatment. *(RCA Victor—LM 1031.)*

GRAND CANYON SUITE—*Ferde Grofé.* The composer conducts the Capitol Symphony Orchestra through his own well-known bit of Americana. Everyone within earshot of a radio during the last three decades has heard at least "On the Trail" movement. Grofé's ideas are definite ones and come out as rawboned music, economical in themes and counter-themes, instrumentation, and development. Sometimes a theme under development will dig its own groove and refuse to move on. Then Grofé gives it a nudge by an intruding kettle drum beat, or sudden chord by the trombones, and it ambles along again. *(Capitol—L270.)*

PREVIN PIANO PROGRAM AND ANDRE PREVIN BY REQUEST—The 23-year-old Los Angeles man who has made a name in Hollywood since 1946 by scoring and playing piano solos for movies (*e.g.,* "The Hucksters") turns out a cocktail set of piano "standards": strong on melody, straight on rhythm, ripple - decorated group. Since 1948 André Previn has been musical director at MGM. His style echoes—but pleasantly—Art Tatum and Buddy Weed. *(RCA Victor—LPM 7 & LPM 36.)*

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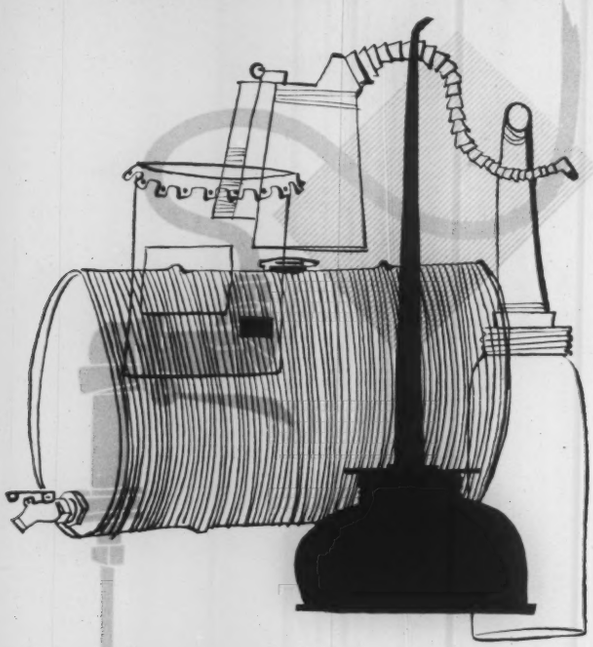

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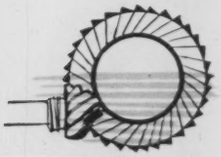
CONSTANT IMPROVEMENT in the protective value of lubricating oils and heavy greases lengthens the life of moving machinery—protects against friction—cuts the cost of replacements and repairs. Monsanto has long been prominent in this fight against friction—helping oil producers and refiners develop better protection by blending their oils with petroleum additives. There are many kinds of these Monsanto additives. Each has special properties.



Santopoid* gear-lubricant additives fortify heavy-duty gear lubricants—make them better able to combat shock and friction in modern motor cars, trucks and industrial equipment.

Santopour* pour-point depressants, when blended with lubricating oils, give them free-flowing and pouring properties in cold weather.

Santolube* additives inhibit corrosion and sludge formation. They also add detergent values to motor oils. Inhibitor-detergent values can be specially developed for premium oils and heavy-duty lubricants.

Santodex* enables refiners and compounders to obtain higher viscosity indexes from various lubricating oil stocks in order to meet specification requirements. Monsanto Santolene* C acts as a rust preventive in pipe lines and tanks for light petroleum products.

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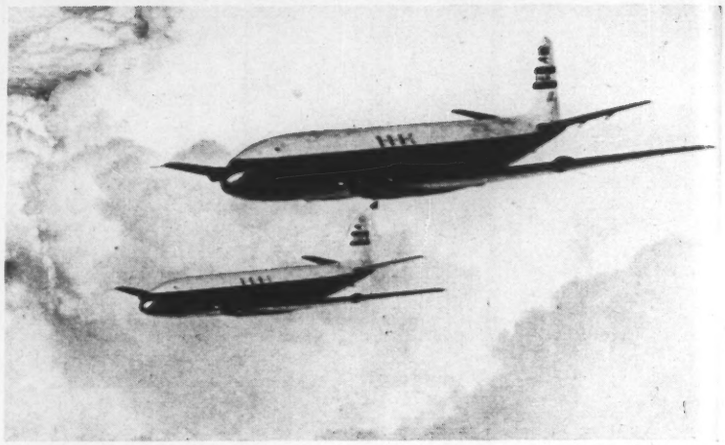

—National Defence Photo

BOAC'S *COMET*: Cheaper fuel, faster speed, and a commanding lead for U.K.

THE COMET

A BOOSTER FOR BRITAIN

by John L. Marston

THE ENTERPRISE of British Overseas Airways Corporation in putting de Havilland's jet propelled airliner, the *Comet* into regular service has had a remarkable effect on the prestige of British aviation.

Many observers believed that the war of 1939-45 delayed the development of British civil aviation much more than American. Britain was compelled to focus her resources on fighter aircraft rather than heavy bombers and freighters, and the latter, which America produced in quantity during the war, are obviously more useful for developing civil aviation for the postwar period.

During the war British industrial scientists were devising means to apply the principles of gas-turbine propulsion. Britain and other countries (including Germany and Russia) had considerable success with jet-propelled fighter planes late in the war or after. But only Britain applied the new techniques with vigor and determination to civil aviation—and, of course, to such military enterprises as the *Canberra* bomber.

It would be rash to say that Britain, by this foresight, had assured for herself the world supremacy in civil aviation. Meantime, the British have gained a lead which will not be easily overhauled. They can claim to have developed the only two fully-proved gas-turbine aircraft: the *Comet*, which works on the jet principle pure and simple, and the *Viscount* (made by Vickers), which uses conventional propellers powered by gas-turbines.

These achievements, however, bring their own problems. They are not wholly opportune in terms of the defence effort, which in Britain is particularly concentrated on the aircraft industry. Until a few months ago, military aircraft enjoyed merely "first priority" with other weapons and with exports, but the inadequacy of western Europe's air defence raised their status to "super priority," which meant that the respective merits of machines competing for materials and labor would be scarcely considered.

This is not the best situation for developing the civil *Comet*. From Canada, France, and other airminded countries, orders have been placed for this now-famous machine. But can the demands be satisfied?

The rate of production of the *Comet* is at present only one per month. Plans are in hand to enlarge capacity; but is it certain that the British Government, harried by other members of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, will give the makers of this and other civil aircraft the opportunity to grow fast, in competition—as they must be—with military aircraft? And if they cannot consolidate their position now will there be any lasting benefit in the high status which they occupy at present?

Technically, the handicaps to production are being gradually overcome. The tightest bottleneck in the manufacture of gas-turbines has been the drop-stamping of small blades. They are required in millions, but recently an effective method of mass-producing them has been evolved.

ALL SUCH developments are intended primarily, however, for the defence program, not to promote civil aviation. It is hoped, outside as well as inside the British aircraft industry, that, if the needs of NATO must come first, the needs of civil aviation will at least come a good second—that the industry will be treated as more important than merely a branch of the engineering industries which is a potential exporter.

This industry has proved itself as something special. In the postwar boom in automobiles the British motor industry took the lead as an exporter (though its output was never more than a fraction of America's), but has lately been reminded that there are many other makers of good cars. The lead in aircraft technique is more difficult to challenge. In Britain and other countries of the Commonwealth an exceptional opportunity is offered. But it will be lost if not grasped soon.

STREAMLINING BUSINESS

THE SMILING BANKER

by Michael Young

IT MAY BE because Canadian banks have been regarded as pillars of conservatism that the change which has come over them in the last ten or 15 years has been so impressive. The banks of 20 years ago were a far cry from the ominous institutions that presided, like glowering matriarchs, over the business community of 1900. The trend has continued, and today's banks are almost as far removed from the 1930 variety as it was from that of 1900. The glowering matriarch has gone; in her place is a vigorous young man.

As far as appearance goes, the new architecture of the banks is probably the most striking item. The new buildings are streamlined and functional. Somewhere along the way, as they financed and paced Canadian development, bankers decided that action and reputation spoke louder than appearance. It was no longer necessary for them to house themselves in granite castles to convince people of their solidity.

There have been other changes that would have uncurled the whiskers of the mutton-chop and side-burn era: in 1900 there were hardly any women employed in banks, today more than half their employees are women. This trend has been accelerating: ten years ago women constituted only 20 per cent of the bank staff. And the old time bankers would have given the business up for lost if they had witnessed the "drive in" innovation of two years ago.

THE INTERIOR of the bank has undergone some drastic changes too. The old-timers may have felt that the cages, the high counters, and the unconscionable air of solemnity seemed appropriate for a place that had all that money around. But today's bank customer isn't any the less convinced of the bank's solvency because he does his business over a low counter with a smiling, and generally exceptionally pretty, lady teller.

The banks are also following a policy of pushing young men ahead so they become branch managers at an early age. The young executives bring —into positions where they can be used—drive and ideas that go with youth. This in itself may well account for much of the change that has come over the character of the banks.

It would be difficult to establish when or why the banks began their changed approach to the public. There's reason to believe that the increased use people are making of their banks has had a lot to do with it. But it can be just as effectively argued that the more amiable attitude of the banks has itself had a lot to do with persuading more people to make use of them.

In the old days it was a big man—business-wise—who had regular dealings with a bank. Today everyone has more or less regular dealings with one: witness the fact that the number of deposit accounts with Canadian banks equals the adult population of the country.

The volume of business done by cheque testifies to the active role banks play in the modern business community: about one million cheques are handled by Canada's banks daily. The importance of the cheque in today's business, and of course the growing number of Government cheque payments for baby bonuses, old-age security, pensions and war service gratuities brought and are bringing an ever increasing number of Canadians into contact with their bank, and familiarizing them with the services it offers.

The increases, of more than 24 times in total deposits and 60 times in bank clearings since 1900, can't all be explained in terms of Canada's population increase and economic expansion during the same period. Some of it is due to the more progressive policies of the banks, some of it is due to streamlined business methods that have brought people into contact with them. Whatever the main cause, the mutual confidence and respect that exists between the community and its banks is in no small measure responsible for the speed with which the Canadian economy can advance.

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RICHARDSON'S R. D. BAKER

FINANCIER IN A HURRY

by Gordon Sinclair

RALPH D. BAKER has been described by friends as a "fellow in a hurry." It's a true characterization: 57-year-old Ralph Baker could use another dozen hours in a day and still not have any spare time.

As General Manager of the securities division of James Richardson and Sons, one of Canada's largest financial institutions, Baker finds himself working a full day and then returning about four nights a week for meetings with his executives.

So time-consuming is his work that, until last year when he took a "part-holiday, part - business" trip to England he hasn't more than a week - end vacation since 1928. In that year he built a summer home at the Lake of the Woods. But he hasn't spent a holiday there since.

—International Press

RALPH D. BAKER

Baker now spends half of his time away from his Winnipeg headquarters. To keep his finger on the financial pulse of the Richardson's far-flung securities empire, which has 600 employees, he travels from Victoria to Montreal.

"My wife tells me I spent six months and three weeks out of the past year away from Winnipeg," Baker grins. "And when I get back home I have to work double time for every day I've been away."

But while away from home-base, Baker wastes no time. While most executives look forward to Sunday as a day away from the flurry-worry tempo of business, Baker uses the time to travel. And on a Sunday he can get "a deuce of a lot of work done on a train."

On his western trips Baker visits Richardson branch offices in Regina, Saskatoon, Swift Current, Moose Jaw, Calgary, Edmonton, Lethbridge, Vancouver and Victoria. On his eastern jaunts he can be found in the Richardson offices in Montreal, Toronto and Kingston.

Last year, on a trip, Baker suffered a haemorrhage in his "one good ear," and doctors warned him against flying for at least one year.

But Baker is always in a hurry, and he disregards the warning every now and again.

Flying is no novelty to Baker. He enlisted with the 90th Regiment (27th Battalion) in 1914 and transferred overseas to the Royal Flying Corps. He still bears a scar on his left cheek where skin was grafted to heal a burn suffered when his motor caught fire in the air.

As a pilot he fought in France for 13 months. In 1918 he was appointed aerial examining officer in charge of pilots for the RAF.

Born in Winnipeg, April 16, 1895, Baker has become as much a part of the city as Portage and Main. The personification of the typical westerner in personality and outlook, he is characterized by a sense of humor that softens the blunt and honest opinions he has a penchant for delivering.

Baker played with the famous old Allan Cup winners, the Winnipeg Victorias and with the Manitoba Varsity team when he was only 16.

Today he plays "hookey" from work occasionally to play golf and see the odd ball game. He describes himself as "the second worst golfer in the world" but is certain that "anyone who plays golf like I do has more fun than the fellow who trys to shoot a 72 every week-end."

Baker's first job came in 1912 as a $40 - a - month office boy with an investment company. He remained with the firm until he joined the army in 1914. He remembers it mainly because the head office approved a raise for him from $80 to $95 a month after pointing out that "the manager of the Edinburgh branch doesn't get that much."

When he returned from the war, Baker found his job had pretty well disappeared. He decided to carry on in the financial business. In 1926 he joined Richardsons.

Baker finds the financial business entirely changed today from the days of 1927, '28 and '29. At that time it was "up on stilts—on credit. Today there is no credit extended and business is growing with the development of the country. This has resulted in tremendous competition from outside interests."

Baker believes that persons who compare the Canada of today with the U.S. of 50 years ago are "not entirely right."

He points out that the United States "developed on a tax-free basis. Canada is being developed under one of the heaviest schemes of taxation in the world. And yet Canada's development is more sensational today than that of the United States 50 years ago—taxes and all."

Baker asserts that there has never been a country that could compare with Canada's future.

But if Baker believes in Canada's future, he believes even more implicitly in the west. He has "yet to meet the expert" who doesn't think there isn't a good chance of getting a "segment" of Manitoba producing oil in commercial quantities. And the oil men Baker has met also believe that Saskatchewan will eventually prove an even bigger oil producer than Alberta.

"He which that nothing undertaketh nothing ever achieveth."
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No undeveloped property will be sponsored until Douglass, Allen, Davis Limited has assumed the first risk in financing preliminary work.

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Application will be made for listing on a recognised stock exchange immediately any sponsored offering qualifies for listing.

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U.S. BUSINESS

New Aluminum Plans

by R. L. Hoadley

THE CONTROVERSIAL and confused aluminum defence program now centers around the U.S. Government stockpile: How big should it be and who should provide it?

In a series of closed-door conferences with the aluminum industry and congressmen, defence mobilizers asserted that no more aluminum plant expansion is needed for the present defence production purposes. Everyone seems agreed on that point.

But military metal needs in case of war are not presently known "with any degree of accuracy." So, most defence officials favor another round of domestic plant expansion and stepped-up purchases of Canadian metal to create a "respectable" stockpile.

Key Government men handling the aluminum program have been Manley Fleischmann, Sam Anderson and Jesse Larsen. Anderson and Fleischmann have tried to sell the big aluminum stockpiling project to Congress. Larsen is opposed to either stockpiling or capacity expansion at this time. At Anderson's invitation the domestic aluminum producers have reluctantly submitted a new set of plans to expand present capacity.

The door is also being kept open for added purchases of Canadian metal. Another offer made by Aluminum Co. of Canada to sell aluminum to the States on a long-term contract has expired. Meanwhile Fleischmann and Anderson have notified Alcan that they want to discuss a modification of the expired offer. They would negotiate with Alcan along the lines of the last offer with only a slight revision of the proposed commitments by Alcan to offer aluminum on the U.S. market.

THEY ARE convinced that cheaper power in less developed areas justifies greater dependence by the U.S. on foreign sources of aluminum—a position with which the domestic aluminum producers doggedly disagree. It is still anybody's guess what the defence mobilizers will finally decide.

The big decisions on plant expansion and purchases of Canadian metal for stockpiling probably will be announced shortly. Manley Fleischmann, Defence Production Administrator, has left Government service and it is known that he was anxious to get the whole matter decided once and for all before he left Washington.

It can be revealed that Anderson, who was brought into the Government last year to set aluminum policy for defence mobilizers, has told both the aluminum producers and congressional groups that Alcan's attitude through all the long aluminum negotiations has been "very cooperative and is based on a desire to meet whatever needs the U.S. Government is prepared to express."

The new expansion plans tentatively submitted to these defence heads by the Aluminum Co. of America are

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Recently we were requested to give an opinion on investment policy in connection with a list of securities held by an estate.

Naturally, like any consultant asked to act in a professional capacity, we had certain questions. We wanted to know if cash might be required in the near future . . . if ultimately the assets were to be distributed . . . if there were investment restrictions . . . the current income requirements . . . and a few others.

Then there were certain "tests" or "examinations" we wanted to make. We wanted to find out the total current value of the estate's security holdings and the total investment income. We wanted to break down the list into groups . . . Bonds, Preferred and Common shares . . . and find out how much in each. We wanted to see how much was invested in each company and in each industry . . . and to make other tests within these two classifications.

There was some urgency to this request, so immediately we assigned one of our "lab" men to the job on a top priority basis. It was a large account, but his calculations were ready for the analysts in just over two days. Next, we studied the facts and formulated a recommendation which, in our opinion, best suited the particular requirement of the estate.

At our consultation appointment with the executors, we discussed points of strength, points of weakness and points of policy . . . all based on the answers to our questions, the "tests" we had made, and the conclusions we had reached.

The programme suggested was "distinctively designed" to meet the particular needs of the estate. We were told that we were helpful . . . and we think we were. The fee? . . . there was no fee . . . and no obligation. It's part of our professional service. You see, it is our feeling . . . and our experience . . . that if we are helpful to investors, investors will think of us as the people they want to do business with.

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somewhat similar to the big Alcan project at Kitimat. Alcoa has cast an inquiring eye at Alaska as a cheap source of power ever since the British Columbia aluminum project was first launched. Alcoa knows that the American industry must look to isolated areas for cheap power if long-term Canadian competition is to be met. Thus Alcoa has followed Alcan's lead and turned to the north. A 400,000 ton aluminum reduction plant near Skagway is proposed. It would be built in two sections at a cost of $300 million and construction would take four years.

■ More than 3,250,000 workers are now covered by the 12,260 insured pension plans in force in the U.S., according to a survey made by the Institute of Life Insurance. Eventual retirement income to be provided by these plans totals $1,125 million annually with large additions being made each year.

Premiums amount to just over $1 billion a year and the funds are growing at the rate of $200 million a year from investment earnings.

THE MARKET

Traders Finance Corp.

by George Armstrong

As DISPOSABLE incomes and the standard of living rise, the financing activities of credit companies expand. In 1941 total instalment sales in Canada amounted to $304.7 million, or about $26 per capita. By 1951 instalment sales had risen 230 per cent to $737.4 million, or approximately $52 per capita. The recent removal of Government restrictions and the anticipated pick-up in employment as our defence program is speeded up suggest at least a moderate expansion in the current year.

Over the past two years motor-vehicle financing has amounted to approximately 50 per cent of all instalment sales. A very slight decline in the financing of new vehicles during 1951 was more than offset by a 23 per cent increase in that of used vehicles. During the first two months of this year financing of new vehicles was 6 per cent ahead of the same 1951 period, while that of used vehicles was up 40 per cent. Traders Finance, which finances a large part of Ford of Canada's products as well as portions of Studebaker, Nash, Hudson, Chrysler and International Harvester products sold on a time-payment basis, should benefit materially from this added business.

Traders Finance was founded in Manitoba in 1920 and incorporated under Dominion Charter in 1926. It is one of the two largest instalment finance companies in Canada. It is engaged primarily in the financing of time sales of automobiles, trucks, tractors and other durable goods. In addition, it controls three insurance companies which underwrite a full line of automobile, fire and miscellaneous casualty insurance. Two of these were acquired in 1939 since which

GEORGE ARMSTRONG is Director of Canadian Business Service.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND

A quarterly dividend of fifty cents per share has been declared payable on the 15th day of July, 1952 to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 13th day of June, 1952.

Montreal, May 28, 1952.

S. C. Scadding, *Secretary*

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time the volume of insurance premiums written has steadily increased. The third has just been incorporated.

A most conservative dividend policy has been followed by the insurance companies with only 30 per cent of available profits being distributed in dividends. Another subsidiary, Trans Canada Credit, is engaged primarily in the personal loan field. As a matter of policy the volume of this business has been kept low, but it could be expanded if a decline should occur in the volume of car financing handled by the parent.

Although accounts were not consolidated in 1939 some idea of the growth of Traders is evident from the increase in receivables from $11.5 million in that year to $93 million (on a consolidated basis) in 1951. Their business is carefully selected and of high quality. Therefore the loss ratio has been very low—about .03 per cent over a period of 18 years.

Net profits have risen at more or less the same rate as receivables; namely from $379,924 in 1939 to $2,480,954 in 1950, declining to $2,204,629, or $6.23 a share, in 1951 because of increased taxation. The current dividend rate of $2.00 per share on the common stock, established with the quarterly payment of 50c on October 2, 1950, is amply covered by earnings. These earnings are before allowance for conversion of the debentures into common stock which would somewhat reduce per share earnings.

FINANCING: At the end of 1951 bank borrowings amounted to $9.7 million, while collateral trust notes held by insurance companies and industrial corporations amounted to $64.6 million with the interest rate varying from 2½ to 4 per cent with most of it around 3½ per cent.

Longer term money is obtained from sale of securities to the public. At December 31, 1951, there were outstanding $5,700,000 sinking fund debentures with interest at 3¼ per cent, 4 per cent, and 4½ per cent; $6,820,000 4 per cent convertible sinking fund debentures; $3,500,000 4½ per cent cumulative redeemable preferred stock of $100 par value; income funding rights with aggregate face value of $507,286; 209,320 shares of no par value Class A common stock and 120,000 class B shares.

CONCLUSION: At current price of 32½ the Class "A" common shares are selling about five times 1951 earnings. The yield is 6.1 per cent. The income return is attractive and the shares have moderate appreciation possibilities.

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No par value Common Stock

No. 42. Quarterly 40c. per share, payable June 30th, 1952 to holders of record at the close of business on June 6th, 1952.

V. J. NIXON,
Secretary.

Montreal, May 23rd, 1952.

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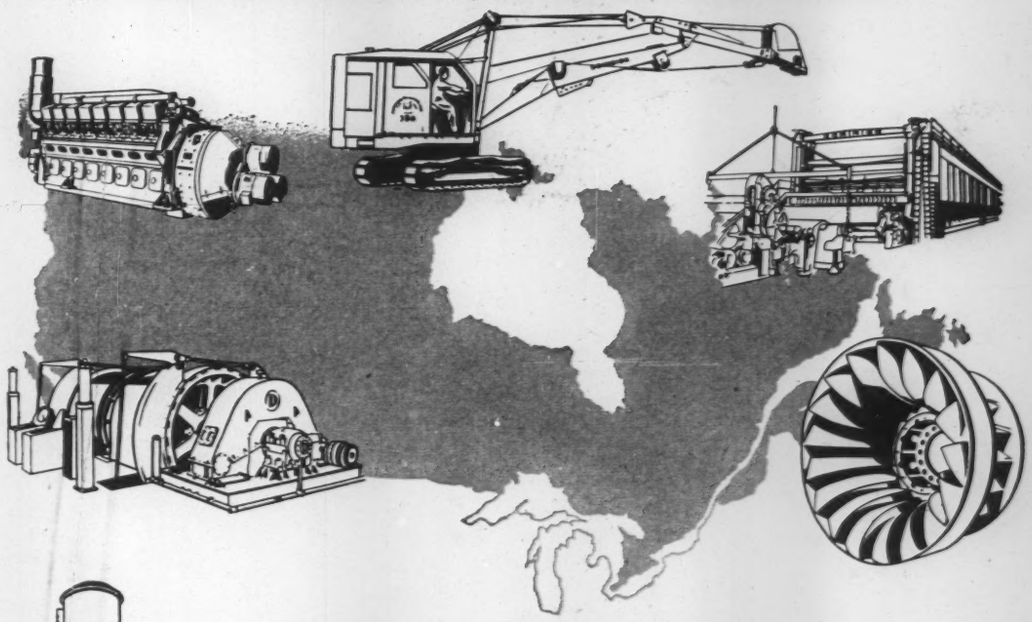

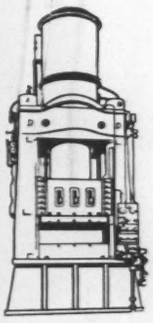

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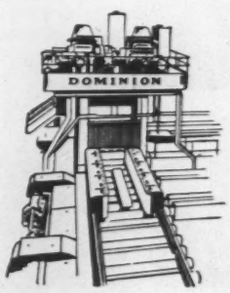

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somewhat similar to the big Alcan project at Kitimat. Alcoa has cast an inquiring eye at Alaska as a cheap source of power ever since the British Columbia aluminum project was first launched. Alcoa knows that the American industry must look to isolated areas for cheap power if long-term Canadian competition is to be met. Thus Alcoa has followed Alcan's lead and turned to the north. A 400,000 ton aluminum reduction plant near Skagway is proposed. It would be built in two sections at a cost of $300 million and construction would take four years.

■ More than 3,250,000 workers are now covered by the 12,260 insured pension plans in force in the U.S., according to a survey made by the Institute of Life Insurance. Eventual retirement income to be provided by these plans totals $1,125 million annually with large additions being made each year.

Premiums amount to just over $1 billion a year and the funds are growing at the rate of $200 million a year from investment earnings.

THE MARKET

Traders Finance Corp.

by George Armstrong

As DISPOSABLE incomes and the standard of living rise, the financing activities of credit companies expand. In 1941 total instalment sales in Canada amounted to $304.7 million, or about $26 per capita. By 1951 instalment sales had risen 230 per cent to $737.4 million, or approximately $52 per capita. The recent removal of Government restrictions and the anticipated pick-up in employment as our defence program is speeded up suggest at least a moderate expansion in the current year.

Over the past two years motor-vehicle financing has amounted to approximately 50 per cent of all instalment sales. A very slight decline in the financing of new vehicles during 1951 was more than offset by a 23 per cent increase in that of used vehicles. During the first two months of this year financing of new vehicles was 6 per cent ahead of the same 1951 period, while that of used vehicles was up 40 per cent. Traders Finance, which finances a large part of Ford of Canada's products as well as portions of Studebaker, Nash, Hudson, Chrysler and International Harvester products sold on a time-payment basis, should benefit materially from this added business.

Traders Finance was founded in Manitoba in 1920 and incorporated under Dominion Charter in 1926. It is one of the two largest instalment finance companies in Canada. It is engaged primarily in the financing of time sales of automobiles, trucks, tractors and other durable goods. In addition, it controls three insurance companies which underwrite a full line of automobile, fire and miscellaneous casualty insurance. Two of these were acquired in 1939 since which

GEORGE ARMSTRONG *is Director of Canadian Business Service.*

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND

A quarterly dividend of fifty cents per share has been declared payable on the 15th day of July, 1952 to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 13th day of June, 1952.

Montreal, May 28, 1952. S. C. Scadding, *Secretary*

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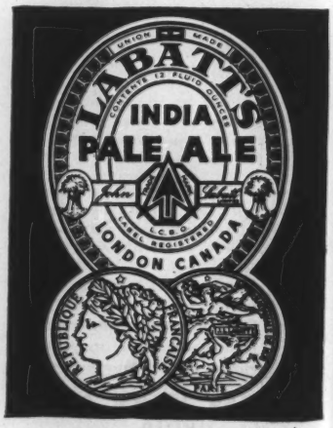

***The swing is definitely to LABATT'S**

time the volume of insurance premiums written has steadily increased. The third has just been incorporated.

A most conservative dividend policy has been followed by the insurance companies with only 30 per cent of available profits being distributed in dividends. Another subsidiary, Trans Canada Credit, is engaged primarily in the personal loan field. As a matter of policy the volume of this business has been kept low, but it could be expanded if a decline should occur in the volume of car financing handled by the parent.

Although accounts were not consolidated in 1939 some idea of the growth of Traders is evident from the increase in receivables from $11.5 million in that year to $93 million (on a consolidated basis) in 1951. Their business is carefully selected and of high quality. Therefore the loss ratio has been very low—about .03 per cent over a period of 18 years.

Net profits have risen at more or less the same rate as receivables; namely from $379,924 in 1939 to $2,480,954 in 1950, declining to $2,204,629, or $6.23 a share, in 1951 because of increased taxation. The current dividend rate of $2.00 per share on the common stock, established with the quarterly payment of 50c on October 2, 1950, is amply covered by earnings. These earnings are before allowance for conversion of the debentures into common stock which would somewhat reduce per share earnings.

FINANCING: At the end of 1951 bank borrowings amounted to $9.7 million, while collateral trust notes held by insurance companies and industrial corporations amounted to $64.6 million with the interest rate varying from 2½ to 4 per cent with most of it around 3½ per cent.

Longer term money is obtained from sale of securities to the public. At December 31, 1951, there were outstanding $5,700,000 sinking fund debentures with interest at 3¼ per cent, 4 per cent, and 4½ per cent; $6,820,000 4 per cent convertible sinking fund debentures; $3,500,000 4½ per cent cumulative redeemable preferred stock of $100 par value; income funding rights with aggregate face value of $507,286; 209,320 shares of no par value Class A common stock and 120,000 class B shares.

CONCLUSION: At current price of 32½ the Class "A" common shares are selling about five times 1951 earnings. The yield is 6.1 per cent. The income return is attractive and the shares have moderate appreciation possibilities.

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No. 42. Quarterly 40c. per share, payable June 30th, 1952 to holders of record at the close of business on June 6th, 1952.

V. J. NIXON,
Secretary.

Montreal, May 23rd, 1952.

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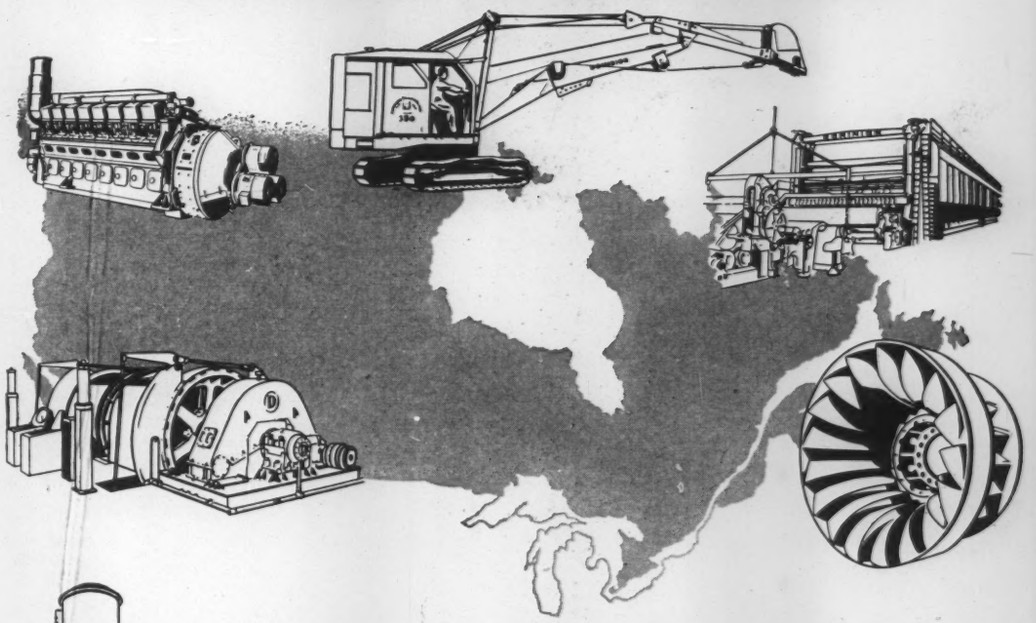

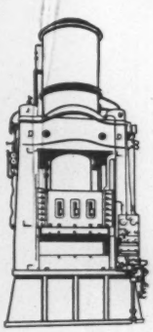

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FILMS

GRIEF IN AFRICA

by Mary Lowrey Ross

"CRY, the Beloved Country," was a moving and beautiful novel, and the screen version is very nearly as impressive as the original. Very nearly, but not quite.

Alan Paton, who wrote the novel, had an active hand in re-writing the story for the screen and he has seen to it that there has been no betrayal of either mood or text. The tenderness, sorrow and Biblical simplicity which were the strength of "Cry, the Beloved Country" emerge unaltered on the screen. So do the occasional flaws in construction which the poetry and compassion of the novel helped to conceal.

This is the story of Stephen Kumalo (Canada Lee), a native African preacher who journeys from Natal to Johannesburg on a quest for his lost son and sister. Searching through the Johannesburg slums he discovers first that his sister has become a prostitute, and then, by torturing degrees, that his son is a murderer who will presently face the gallows. It is a story of almost unrelieved human sorrow, which makes large demands on the simplicity of the telling and the subtlety of Canada Lee's portrayal of Preacher Kumalo.

THIS was Canada Lee's last performance and it was probably his greatest one. Supported by the text he lifts the film far above racial and political problems and makes it a universal story of grief and fortitude. The sorrow and the courage go deeper than color. The solution, if there is a solution, lies beyond the reach of politics. Author Paton and Producer Korda do not, to be sure, slight the national problem—"fear of our dilemma, the dilemma of our fear"—that lies behind Kumalo's story.

The tragedy and segregation are there, implicit in the glimpses of the city's appalling slums. But there isn't a line of indictment in the text. As in the novel, the theme is the problem of good and evil; and, as in the novel, the question of rights and the voice of self-conscious righteousness never emerges audibly. Yet it is probably the most eloquent description of the black man's predicament in a white world that has ever reached the screen.

"Cry, the Beloved Country" has the eloquence of truth; but it has also, to a large degree, the contrivance of fiction. The black man's son murders the son of a white man, a neighboring farmer. The murdered man, as it happens, is one of the Negro's best friends in Africa, a crusader dedicated to the cause of racial friendship. The tragedy brings the two fathers together, transforming the farmer's antipathy to his son's views into understanding and love.

In the novel the emotional drive of the story was strong enough to carry the reader with it to this particular conclusion; but the film, in spite of a fine performance by Charles Carson, falls a little short, perhaps because

the camera reveals, with the sharpness of x-ray, the underlying structure and the point at which the arm of coincidence is twisted in the interest of plot. In every other respect this is a fine, honest, deeply searching picture which presents in humble yet universal terms the predicament of an entire continent.

IN "My Son John" we have Helen Hayes and Dean Jagger as a "typical" American Mother and Father. Father (Dean Jagger) is sturdy and rugged. Mother (Helen Hayes) is rather wispy, but cute as a button. They are waiting for their son John (Robert Walker) who has an important job in Washington. Presently John arrives, and is barely in the house before he is whisked off to church, where, at the first opportunity he makes a wisecrack at the expense of the kindly parish priest. As if that weren't enough, he asks Father on the way home to drop him off at the University for a chat with his friend the Professor. This upsets Father so that he bangs into the fender of a passing stranger; for Father has already begun to suspect that John, who is vaguely impious and openly intellectual, may actually be un-American.

That evening they have a long talk — at least Father has a long talk, in which he describes his coming speech at the Legion dinner and winds up with the Legion theme-song—"If you don't like your Uncle Sammy then go back to your home o'er the seas." John is rude and skips off upstairs — possibly to escape Father's vocalism.

Mother tries to fix things up by going up to his room and describing to him how she used to dandle him as a baby — ("Diddle-diddle-dumpling, My Son John" Miss Hayes chanted over and over again, bouncing an imaginary baby from one knee to another till she was quite worn out, and I was too.) After that things simmer along for a trying 20 minutes or so, then Father and John get into argument over the authenticity of the story of Jonah and the Whale and Father slugs John with the family Bible, knocking him over and tearing his trousers.

JOHN flies back to Washington, leaving his trousers to a rummage-sale and just at this unhappy moment the FBI man (Van Heflin) drops in. He's been around before, ostensibly to collect $18.76 for his bent fender but Mother fed him coffee and talked him out of his bill. This time he shows her his FBI badge and to make things worse John telephones from Washington to say that on second thoughts he'd like his trousers back. Mother rushes out, finds the trousers and discovers in them a latch-key.

This sends her flying down to Washington where her worst fears are confirmed. She flies home and collapses. John rushes back from Washington, the FBI man hustles in, and in one of the most memorably embarrassing scenes ever screened Mother staggers about with her hair down, imploring John to get into the game on God's side, and carry the ball for his Country before the clock strikes.

As it turned out, John was a Communist all right. But it indicates the emotional state of Hollywood's picture-makers—this one was directed and partly written by Leo McCarey—that they can show a son incriminated in the eyes of his loving parents simply because he isn't impressed by Legion drinking-songs, enjoys the company of professors, disbelieves in the story of Jonah and the Whale, and carries a latch-key!

■ Theatre notes: Drew Thompson, Arthur Sutherland and their International Players will play summer stock two nights in Gananoque and four at home base in Kingston. . . Don and Murray Davis have brought Peter Potter, Director of Glasgow Citizens' Theatre, Scotland, to direct their Straw Hat Players in Muskoka . . . Melody Fair starts its second musical Toronto season on June 23, under its circus top and in-the-round, with big advance sale of tickets . . . in Vancouver Stuart Baker and Thor Arngrim take their Totem Theatre into a second summer—after a first season of winter stock . . . Chris Taylor, son of Marian Taylor of Saturday Players, Ottawa, landed a role in a new London play less than two months after his arrival in England.

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BOOK REVIEWS

THE GERMAN USE OF ARMOR

PANZER LEADER — by Heinz Guderian — *—Michael Joseph—$7.50.*

by Maj-Gen E. L. M. Burns

GENERALOBERST Heinz Guderian was the principal organizer of the German Army's Panzer forces, and had the satisfaction, which few organizers do, of leading the troops he created in battle. Liddell Hart, whose foreword perspicuously analyzes Guderian's character and place in history, has remarked elsewhere, with lugubrious satisfaction, that his theories of deep armored penetrations were put into practice by Guderian while the British generals, for whose benefit they were intended, still insisted on fighting tanks at infantry pace.

The paralyzing thrust of Guderian's Panzer corps from Sedan to the Channel at Abbeville, and subsequent turn North, threatened to cut off the British Expeditionary Force even from Dunkirk, but Hitler's inexplicable order not to continue the attack enabled a defensive perimeter to be held, and the evacuation to take place.

Deep drives by Guderian's Panzer Group in the 1941 Russian campaign made possible the tremendous encirclements which destroyed hundreds of thousands of Russian troops—but the final victory was just beyond the German power.

In July, 1944, Guderian became Chief of the Army General Staff, with responsibility for the control of the Eastern front. He had the bitter task of trying to hold back the irresistible Russian advance with ever more inadequate means, acting as Chief of Staff to a commander—Hitler—who had lost all touch with reality.

The book ends: "If despite everything, I could not prevent the defeat of my country, I must ask my readers to believe that this was not for lack of a will to do so." We can also believe that Guderian was guiltless of the Nazi genocides and other monstrous crimes. Although he had devoted his talents, his energy and his courage in a cause that the world has forever condemned, yet his code allowed him no other course than to serve loyally the head of the state to whom he had given his oath.

In these memoirs General Guderian stands out a tragic figure, and there will be few who will deny him honor in defeat.

The Humble Folk

MY INDIA—by Jim Corbett—*Oxford—$2.50.*

by John L. Watson

THE NEW BOOK by the author of "The Man-Eaters of Kumaon"—77-year-old Colonel Jim Corbett—is dedicated "to my friends, the poor of India . . . simple, honest, brave, loyal, hard-working souls whose daily prayer to God, and to whatever Government is in power, is to give them security of life and property to enable them to enjoy the fruits of their labours."

Needless to say there is no significant historical material in this modest little book, no political polemics or social panaceas; only a string of fireside anecdotes about the "brave, loyal, hard-working souls" with whom the author, as an official of the Indian Railways, lived and worked for most of his life. Of course there are plenty of stories about the wild animals—tigers, leopards, cobras and hamadryads—whose presence added a certain element of insecurity to life in an Indian village. Colonel Corbett has a profound knowledge of the jungle but his attitude is that of the naturalist rather than the big-game hunter.

JIM CORBETT "My India"

He was a good friend to the people of India and he writes of them with understanding and sympathy which never lapse into condescension.

Land and People

THIS IS ALBERTA—by Ken E. Liddell—*Ryerson —$4.00.*

by Hal Tracey

TRAVEL BOOKS, if they are to have widespread appeal, must be more than just a list of places to see and things to do for the prospective visitor. They must have continuity, and reveal some of the characteristics of the area under discussion, in the light of its people and historical background.

Mr. Liddell's book on Alberta measures up well. A former newspaperman, he has the active, questing mind it takes to probe patiently beneath the surface of half-forgotten local folklore, and to get back to the basic origin of local place-names, customs and peculiarities; something the average tourist has neither the time nor inclination to do, but which he appreciates having someone else to do for him.

Liddell touches on such widely different topics as Alberta's oil boom, the famed Calgary Stampede, the rich but until recently little known Peace River farming district, the benefits of irrigation, and the tragedy of the little town of Frank, buried under millions of tons of rock when Turtle Mountain fell on it.

Alberta's famous sons get due mention, too. "Kootenai" Brown is probably the most colorful. He was with General Custer, the story goes, and was riding dispatches when the General made his famous last stand. Liddell pays tribute also to Rev. John McDougall and Father Lacombe, the Province's "two great peacemakers" (with the Indians), and to Senator Pat Burns, the meat king.

But it is far from a Chamber of Commerce booster-type book Liddell has written. He admits that the wind occasionally blows in Alberta, and often hard. He doesn't fail to mention, either, that Alberta had what was probably the first "speakeasy" on the continent, the notorious Fort Whoop-Up.

The book, which is well illustrated with pictures bearing a close relationship to subject matter, will be a welcome addition to the publishers' fast-growing list of travel titles, which now includes books on several Canadian provinces.

Need For Gorki

DOWN ALL YOUR STREETS—by Leonard Bishop—*Longmans, Green—$4.75.*

FLEE THE ANGRY STRANGERS — by George Mandel—*McClelland & Stewart—$4.50.*

by Melwyn Breen

NEW YORK CITY and heroin are two coarse and absorbing themes running through these two first novels. They deal with degeneracy under dope addiction. In "Down All Your Streets" the victim is Burt, the father of two boys in their late teens; in "Flee the Angry Strangers," the victim is a girl, herself in her late teens. The first is set mainly in the Lower East Side; the second in Greenwich Village.

Of the two books "Down All Your Streets" is the more successful in its imparting of horror and pity and this in spite of its kinship with the somewhat faded tradition of the naturalistic novel. In this respect, Bishop is related to Dreiser rather than to his contemporaries in American fiction. There is the same clumsiness of construction, the same need to spew it all out and to capture a cumulative effect not by selection but by the amassing of enormously precise detail.

Bishop is also a sociologist: there is a wealth of detail about the practices of the addict and the dope-peddler and, of course, a huge glossary of the cant of the "junkie." For a moment, it seems that he is interested in the circumstances of living in the Lower East Side and that dope addiction is to be just one of the things life in this stew-pot can lead to. But he completely abandons the theme of racketeer-

ing exploitation by social workers, for instance, having planted it in the first scene, to concentrate on dope.

From all this you may gather that the book is chaotic and it is, though it is morbidly fascinating to read. Its major fault is that the central figure emerges as a case history rather than as a tragic figure. Cyril Connolly has recently stated that the one quality lacking in modern American culture is the sense of the tragic. There is a recognition of naturalistic violence, of senseless brutality and of the modern substitution of Society for Fate; all of these play their diabolic role in Burt's story. But there is no one flaw within him: what Bishop ultimately gives us is a picture of insensate animalism, prodded with agonizing needles through the bars of an invisible cage.

"Flee the Angry Strangers" belongs to the 1950 school of tough-minded poetical-prose novelists. But for all her suffering, Diane is a worthless person as a human being and as a poetical character: Mandel no more than Bishop can present his addict in either humane or human terms. Though both writers have a thorough understanding of dope practices, they both lack the kind of observation that lifts their characters above the behavioristic level. Mandel is the worse offender in this respect for he attempts to present the Village "characters" whose atypical behavior and speech cannot prevent them from being a dull lot of people.

Again, the tragic sense is missing. We do not get close enough to Diane to feel pity (though there is, perhaps, terror). Mandel, like Bishop, is much more at home with, and seems much more interested in, the fact of addiction rather than the circumstances that give rise to it.

The result is that we accompany these miserable people on their nightmare rounds but we can only watch them, dramatically, as they undergo experiences that we can neither hope nor want to share, nor ultimately make meaningful.

Savage Tale

THE LAW OF LARION—by Peter Freuchen—*McGraw-Hill—$4.75.*

by D. M. Le Bourdais

THIS LATEST book by Peter Freuchen is a novel based on the massacre of Russian traders by Indians led by a chief he calls Larion while Alaska was still part of the Tsar's dominions. The massacre, which occurred at Nulato, on the lower Yukon River, in 1851, has a place in British arctic annals because an officer of the Royal Navy, left there by a ship searching for the lost Franklin expedition, was killed.

Peter Freuchen is generally an entertaining writer who has admitted in his "It's All Adventure" that he does not let truth interfere unduly with interest. In this he seems to be well seconded by his publishers who, in their anxiety to present him as an authority on the culture of Alaskan Indians, claim 30 years' experience in Alaska for him, when, as a matter of fact, his experience is limited to a visit while supervising the filming of his book "Eskimo".

Freuchen, who went to Greenland from Denmark at the age of 21, and lived there for many years, is undoubtedly an authority on Eskimo life. This does not, however, set him up as an authority on Indian tribes in Alaska whose ways are not even well known to those who make Indians their field.

Freuchen's description of the *potlatch,* common to the Athabaskan tribes as well as to a number of others, is graphic and authentic; but he leans heavily on his novelist's licence in his delineation of other customs and characteristics. As a guide to the ways of these Indians, the book cannot be recommended; and since it is a chronicle of violence and tragedy, unrelieved by humor or any of the finer human qualities not unknown even to savages, it lacks the light touch which Freuchen's many readers have learned to expect from him.

Metagona

TRINITY: 1852-1952 — *University of Toronto Press—$1.00.*

by Jack Lewis

NOTHING formal or sententious about this capsule history of Trinity University; it is in fact nothing more than a special centenary edition of the Trinity Review, prepared by a group of Trinitarians under the general editorship of Andrew Watson. It tells the story of Trinity's hundred years with emphasis on the trivial and the trifling — perhaps, after all, the most important part of a University's history.

There are revealing anecdotes, neat character sketches, amusing commentaries and, underneath it all, a proud affirmation of those principles of academic tolerance for which the College has always stood. As the editor points out, the main concern of the authors has been with "capturing flavor rather than with noting facts, with describing atmosphere rather than events." All but two of the chapters were written by undergraduates, in the forthright and uninhibited style of the young-in-heart.

There is a number of amusing line drawings, some by the Art Editor, Jane Carson, others reproduced from the old Trinity "Episcopon".

With a Smile

FORTY ODD — by Mary Bard — *Longmans, Green—$4.25.*

by Rica Farquharson

"FORTY ODD" is written by a sister of Betty Macdonald of "Egg and I" fame. Mary Bard drew from her own background as a doctor's wife when she wrote "The Doctor Wears Three Faces". Her latest book forces the conclusion that the sisters are masters of what might be called "fun thinking".

"Forty Odd" presents Mary: fat, foolish, frustrated, forlorn, flushed—going through change of life. Her friends, "the Neglected Ones", also married to doctors, had chosen her, because she was the oldest, as laboratory animal in their new preventive treatment of C. of L. Unwillingly, she undertook to keep a detailed history of her symptoms and promised a thesis.

An attractive husband, three alarm-

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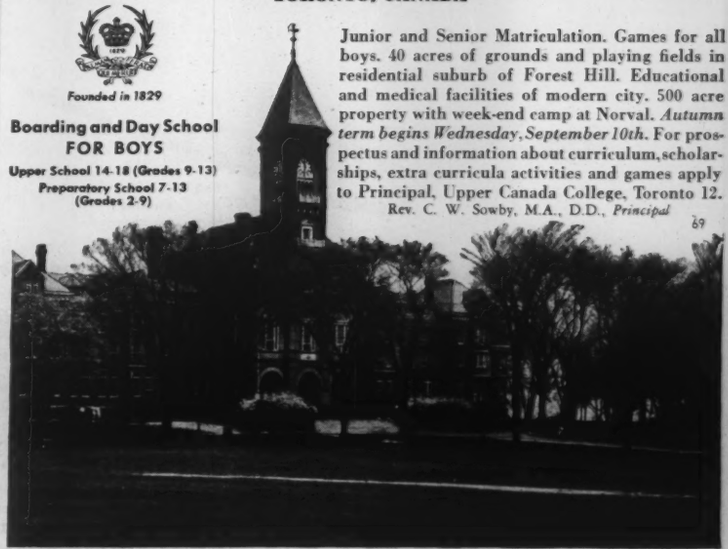

ingly normal daughters, groups of lovable, uninhibited Americans enliven the picture of Mary being made over, physically, mentally, spiritually. Hilarious are chapters on clothes, Brownie Girl Scouts, reducing, Great Books course, lectures, athletics, Music Lessons: activities feverishly clutched in effort to ward off the worst aspects of Menopause.

As more women will continue to reach this age every adult girl child will be glad to read a fool and her hormones are soon parted and C. of L. is only a normal physiological transition period after all. It's pleasant to see the subject so gallantly parading in public. There's a zany commonsense in recognition of new aspects of an old subject because of the changing social environment as it affects women.

Writers & Writing

RAGE, fear, grief, love and gradations of these primary emotions are worked over in "A Doctor's Report on Dianetics" by Dr. J. A. WINTER; published by Copp Clark. You may find it difficult to believe that an embryo can record perceptions but, according to this work, there are doctors whose patients act as if they had recordings of what went on at their births and often act as if they were recording impressions of their prenatal existence.

This book might be placed on a shelf on psychoanalysis to be re-read when the "experts" have clarified their opinions.

Some laymen practiced Dianetics, a form of self-psychoanalysis when it was introduced into the United States in recent years. Reponse, in medical circles, was of condemnation or, in some cases, whole-hearted approval. So an organization was established for research. Dr. Winter was its first Medical Director and this is the pro's and con's when examined from a scientific viewpoint.

■The extraordinary RACHEL CARSON continues to appear on the best-seller lists with her two books "The Sea Around Us" and "Under the Sea-Wind."

■In an address, now published, The Reverend R. S. K. SEELEY, Provost of Trinity College, Toronto, lists the essential qualities required in leaders as follows:

1. Power of discrimination of essential issues.
2. Ability to detach oneself in some measure from immediate events.
3. Discontent with second-hand opinions.
4. Ability to assess values.
5. A sense of responsibility in community life.
6. Convincing personality.

■The prized Newberry Medal, awarded annually for the best juvenile fiction, goes this year to Mrs. ELEANOR ESTES, author of "Giner Pye". The Caldecott Award for outstanding illustrations or pictures in juvenile fiction will be presented to NICHOLAS MORDVINOFF for his illustration work in the book, "Finders Keepers." Both books are published by McLeod in Canada.

Mrs. Estes, for years, was a children's librarian in the New York Public Library. Nicholas Mordvinoff was born in Petrograd but has had a life of adventure since leaving his birthplace, now Leningrad, just before the outbreak of the Russian Revolution.

■Toronto-born LOIS EDWARDS seems headed for popularity with her book "My Heart In Hiding", published by McLeod in Canada and recently published in England and selected by the *Daily Graphic* in London as a recent "book-of-the-month". Magazines in Sweden and France have also purchased rights on the book.

This first novel was originally published in condensed form in the *Ladies Home Journal*. Mrs. Edwards now lives in Ottawa where her husband is Director of Intelligence for Air. They have travelled extensively and her novel spans the world.

■ "Canada—The Golden Hinge" is the new book by our friend, LESLIE ROBERTS of Montreal. It is being published by Clarke-Irwin and expects to reach the booksellers on June 23. Roberts is one of the very-Canadian minded and the book will be too—indubitably. —*Rica*

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PEOPLE

VICTORIA'S TOP COACHES

by **G. E. Mortimore**

VICTORIA is flexing her civic muscles proudly because two townsmen have been chosen to coach Canadian athletes in the 1952 Olympic Games at Helsinki this summer.

Archie McKinnon, swimming coach, is to Bruce Humber, track and field coach, like a short father to a tall son. McKinnon, aged 55, is a round, happy Scot who carries 160 pounds of muscle on a 5' 2½" frame. Humber is 18 years younger, a streamlined 182, and roughly a foot higher in his running shoes.

McKinnon, a versatile athlete and handler who has played almost every known game, launched Humber on his career. They work together like two wheels in a watch.

"Tough, but oh, so gentle," is the phrase for McKinnon. In the adopted home town of 100,000 people where he has spent 39 years, he can scarcely walk a block before someone hails him with: "Hi, Archie!" They respect him as a man and as a moulder of character. He joined the Victoria YMCA in 1921 as Assistant Physical Training Director (after a year on the Winnipeg staff) and has been full Director for some 30 years—at a modest salary and refusing fat offers from elsewhere because he likes the place and the people. He has already attended the Olympics three times: as "unofficial coach" of Canadian divers, Los Angeles, 1932; track and field coach, Berlin, 1936; swimming coach, London, 1948.

He calls himself a "fighting Christian" and looks upon sport as part of his faith. "Kids are given to hero-worship," he says. "They recognize a body when they don't recognize a mind. That's why we need big men and clean-living fellas — Christian athletes."

ARCHIE MCKINNON was born in a suburb of Glasgow: spent his early years in a tough district. "I was always the squirt," he says, with no trace of bitterness. "Every bully picked on me."

Once he came weeping to his elder brother about a youth who had knocked him down and kicked his face. Brother Al took Archie back and made him fight on his own for the second time. It was a draw. "After that," says Archie, "I never expected anyone to fight my battles for me."

He began to limber up his muscles in a Glasgow police gymnasium when he was so small the officers lifted him up to the rings; played soccer for his school; and made the diving team when he could scarcely swim.

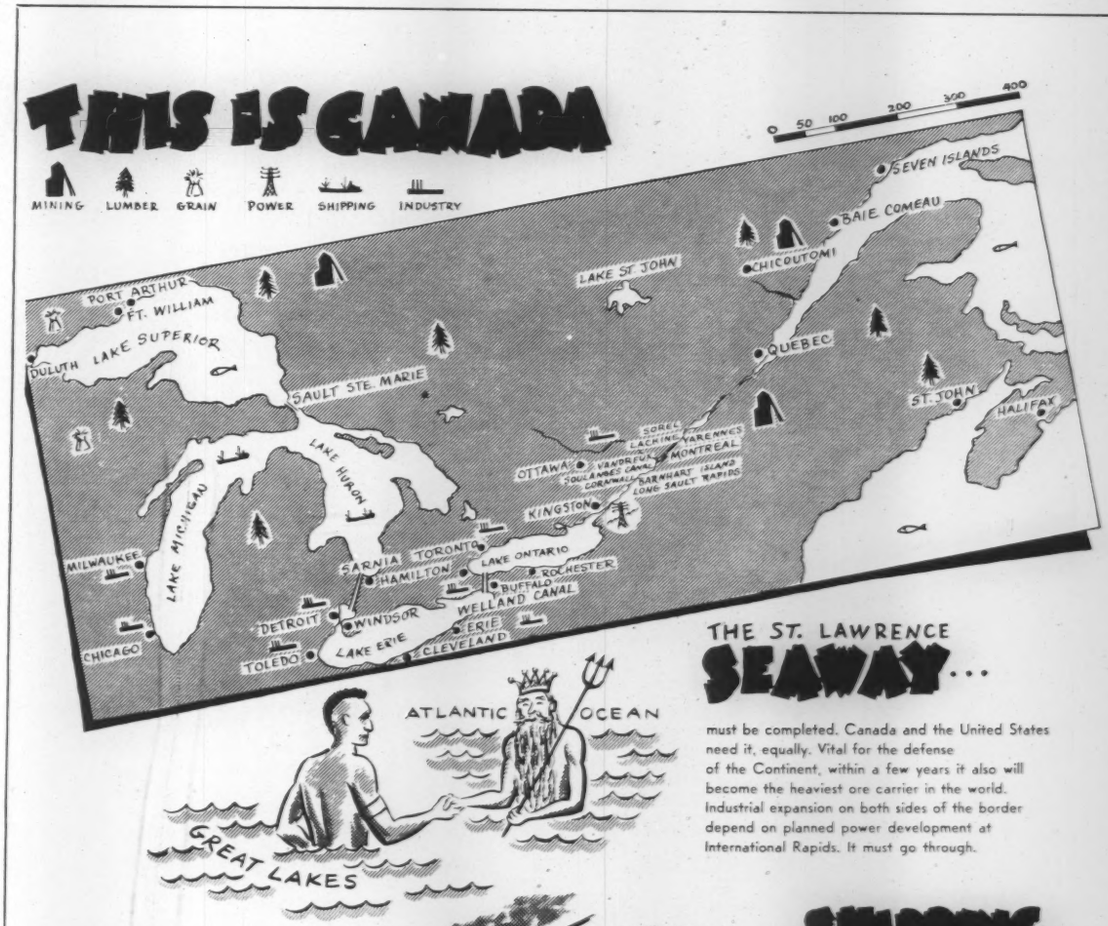
At 15 he emigrated with his parents to Vancouver. He had to fight his way down the street when youngsters gathered to jeer at his kilt. Two years later the McKinnons moved to Victoria. Archie held down various jobs —telegraph messenger, office boy, hardware clerk—but he lived for the gym, field, pool and the YMCA in which he became a volunteer leader.

He quickly picked up the new Canadian sports; played BC championship basketball; captained swimming and soccer teams; shone at gymnastics and diving (he won the Vancouver Island springboard championship in 1919). He put in eight summers learning physical training, and a spell in the air force during the 1914-18 war.

McKinnon is a curly-haired human dynamo with a round wrinkled face. He doesn't drink or smoke; but keeps cigarettes in his desk for visitors. He speaks rapidly in a high, husky tenor; steers talk from himself to the "Y", people who helped him, and the athletes who passed under his eye on the road to fame.

His greatest joys are such feats as teaching a six-year-old to swim (he puts 1,000 a year through their first paces) and arguing a twisted boy straight. He spent hours walking the waterfront with a wayward lad—who was one of many. His office wall is covered with their pictures—in track clothes, bathing suits, service uniforms and university gowns.

Every boy in his charge gets per-



THE ST. LAWRENCE **SEAWAY**...

must be completed. Canada and the United States need it, equally. Vital for the defense of the Continent, within a few years it also will become the heaviest ore carrier in the world. Industrial expansion on both sides of the border depend on planned power development at International Rapids. It must go through.

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3—2 to 6 cents savings per bushel on grain haulage
4—Pipe-water haulage of prairie petroleum
5—Cheaper electric power for Ontario, Quebec, New York and New England
6—Industrial expansion for these provinces and states
7—Shipbuilding expansion on the St. Lawrence
8—Improved overseas market for Canadian pulp and paper
9—Quebec-Labrador iron ore for U. S.-Canadian furnaces.

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Completion of the 2,200,000 horsepower electric project at International Rapids at about $400 million costs will give Canada and United States power greater than provided by Great Coulee. Some estimates say this could mean 12,000 new factories, work for 300,000 more men, population increase of 1,200,000 for Ontario, Quebec, New York and New England, annual payrolls as high as $800 millions.

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sonal care. Weak lads enjoy the same cultivation as Olympic timber, and sometimes the unlikeliest ones grow large and tall. One McKinnon protegé, however, looked like star material from the beginning. When Archie was looking over some hopefuls at Victoria High School, he saw a rangy 15-year-old high-jumping. He thought to himself: good boy, wrong event.

"How would you like to be a sprinter, kid?" he asked.

"Sure, I'll try it," said Bruce Humber. That meeting started Humber on the trail that led to the Olympics—first as a runner and now as a coach.

McKinnon tuition paid off. Humber (who still insisted upon winning such unsuitable events as hurdles) took the intermediate cup at Victoria High. His parents moved to Seattle. There, he won the 100 yards and 220 twice in a row at the Seattle all-city high school meet.

SCHOLARSHIPS and a night job sweeping floors helped carry him through the University of Washington, where, in 1935, he set two university records which remain unbroken; 9.6 seconds for the 100, 20.8 for the 220.

In 1936 he went to Montreal with Lee Orr, the late Howie McPhee and coach McKinnon (among others) to sprint for BC in Olympic trials. The Coast trio raised Eastern eyebrows by finishing one, two, three in both short sprint events. Tickets to Berlin were in their pockets. McKinnon had helped make Humber; now Humber was returning the compliment.

He won two 220-meter heats in Berlin and reached the semi-finals before he was knocked out by such formidable runners as Jesse Owens and Ralph Metcalfe. On his return he gained his BA with a major in business administration and a minor in athletic coaching. He went into the RCAF; became a pilot-instructor; ran athletic meets in his spare time.

Then he entered partnership with brothers Maurice and "Barley" in the furniture business. He still earns his bread that way. Coaching pays him in satisfaction, not cash.

A distress call from McKinnon, who had his hands full as temporary General Secretary at the "Y", sent him into action as a spare-time track and field coach. When Victoria's "Y" team won three BC championships in a row, the big boys looked Humber over and liked what they saw so well they made him head coach for the Empire Games in Auckland, Australia.

—Jim Ryan

OLYMPIC COACHES: Archie McKinnon (l) and Bruce Humber, with Olympic souvenirs.

Canada placed fourth. That wasn't bad for a winter meet when training conditions were tough. But Victoria didn't care whether the team was fourth or 44th. People slapped Humber on the back and asked him to address so many meetings that he eventually had to quit talking and buckle down to the furniture business.

The dapper and personable 37-year-old Humber lacks some of McKinnon's color, because the older man was gnarled by rougher weather. But they both have the same sense of dedication, the same knack of calling forth an athlete's best by patient, individual care. Both are married. McKinnon has three daughters; is twice a grandfather. Humber has a daughter 9, and a son, 5.

Don't expect miracles of Canada's 15-man track and field team against such opponents as the 75-man U.S. team, Humber warns. Win or lose, though, you can be sure of one thing: Humber and McKinnon will still be heroes in their hometown.

THEATRE

WEDDED SEX

by Lucy Van Gogh

FEW situations are so popular with contemporary stage and movie producers as the marriage-in-name-only. It has the immense advantage of keeping the audience's mind continually on the subject of sex without ever annoying the censors. Any playwright who can invent a new excuse for contriving a marriage-in-name-only has a surefire success. Mr. Louis Verneuil's "Affairs of State" has a new excuse.

An elderly and retired Washington statesman, with a second wife 25 years younger than himself, finds her anxious for a divorce in order that she may marry a young and rising Washington statesman. In an opening act which is a heavy strain upon the credulity of the theatre audience but will probably not bother a cinema audience at all, he contrives to get this young statesman to marry-in-name-only a clever and pleasant young woman with whom in the third act the young statesman falls in love.

The show is chiefly notable for the brilliant performance of Reginald Owen ("by arrangement with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer") as the elderly statesman. Haila Stoddard as the wife-in-name-only gives a smooth performance of what seemed to this critic to be more Haila Stoddard than the Verneuil conception; a woman who is going to be a great success as a Washington hostess should surely not be quite so "cute" as Miss Stoddard becomes when on the stage with characters who do not know about the "in-name-only" business. The rest of the small cast is adequate, and the show—recently playing in Montreal and Toronto—is good entertainment and does not purport to be anything more.

ANTIQUE HUNTERS DISCOVER PEI

by Eleanor Mary Duffy

"A THING OF BEAUTY is a joy forever," say Prince Edward Islanders, " . . . if an antique dealer doesn't trade it from you with a television set."

Many PEI homes harbor the early eighteenth-century furnishings brought to settlements by the grant holders. Descendants of Lord Selkirk's pioneers cherish their great-great-grandmothers' Paisley shawls. United Empire Loyalists' great-great-grandchildren keep old cooking utensils, early American glass, jewellery, and the strange mixture a family will throw together when leaving home in a hurry.

But the sons of the earliest settler, the French Acadians who numbered 5,000 before the Island changed from Ile Ste. Jean to the Island of Saint John, will spread their hands, "Eh! That is a good question. There is nothing, nothing except the church bells the King of France gave the missionaries. One we have had recast. The other we do not own. There is nothing from that time, 1720 to 1758, but the Paris records!"

For the collector of family history, for the anthropologist, these exact copies of Acadian reports made in 1875 are both fascinating and reliable. For the collector of china, occasional and unusual furniture pieces, the old homes of merchants and sea captains have proved rewarding.

FROM THE TIME Surveyor-General, Captain Holland, drew up settlement plans in 1764 for His Majesty, George III, until the last days of the schooner trade, the Island's sea captains, merchants, and well-to-do citizens made regular trips to England. After they had sold their cargo, and often their ships, they visited cousins in Bristol or Liverpool, or went down to the City to have a game or two in the Great Subscription Room at Brooks's. And always time and money was spent in the shops of St. James Street in London.

Before the vessels' sails were furled for good and the seamen tried to be farmers, before the surrounding ocean became a barrier and not a blue road to the ends of the earth, ladies in Charlottetown waited for the latest in china and silver to come directly from London. And often Prince Edward Island merchants had the best pointed out to them by the designer himself.

It was in a china cupboard in one of these homes that Kennard Wedgwood recently found an early copy of the famous Portland Vase.

The President of New York's Wedgwood firm was holidaying in Charlottetown when he got into a casual conversation with an Islander. Wedgwood shook his head at a remark made by the latter. "No. I'll wager there are no copies of the Portland in this part of the country, and certainly not here on the Island." A wager to an Islander is like fine food to a Parisian, and Mr. Wedgwood was taken to view the vase.

Its owner, Mrs. A. E. Morrison, is used to buyers. "They come in the summer from Boston or New York, put their heads in the door and start pointing at my furniture. 'I'll give you $500 for the settee, two chairs and the couch.' One year, it's furniture, the next, it's glassware." This visitor was something new. He presented a card, Kennard L. Wedgwood, Chairman, Josiah Wedgwood & Sons Ltd., Etruria, Stoke-on-Trent. The old copy of the famous Portland Vase was put out for his inspection.

He picked it up, examined it closely and the descendant of the Etruria potter knew he had lost his bet. He inquired if he might buy it. But Mrs. Morrison, whose family had cherished the vase for many years, decided against it.

THE LONG, window-paned china cabinet received its favorite treasure and Mr. Wedgwood remarked on the vase's companions as he helped fit the 9-inch amphora back into its private niche. He examined the heavy cutglass fruit dishes, the dessert and comport set of china, handpainted with scenes of the English countryside. But his interest and curiosity kept returning to a parlor tea set which his hostess explained was Belleek.

Based on the old fable and nursery rhyme by Mary Howitt, "The Spider and the Fly," the tray is patterned in a delicate web and centred with a raised spider. Golden threads hold tiny victims. The usual mother-of-pearl Belleek is covered with a cream glaze, blue hawthorne branches outline the tray's edge and form the handles of the tea set. The blossoms are in gold. A Victorian, yes, but one with charm, and not overdressed.

"Whether Mrs. Morrison and the remaining family of Colonel Compton the grant holder who had his home assembled in England, should sell his eighteenth-century silver?" or, "Should the Hollands be asked never to part with the uniforms of the Surveyor-General?" are questions which come up regularly at the meetings of the Island's four IODE chapters. Mrs. W. M. Brehaut of Charlottetown, and Miss Wanda Wyatt, Summerside, both IODE members and ardent antique collectors, urge that a museum be built to house the Island's history before it vanishes, bodily, over the border.

TWO HISTORIC EXHIBITIONS arranged by Mrs. Brehaut have produced a catalogue containing data on everything from the copper pots, flails and spinning wheels of the land settlers, to a recipe book belonging to Queen Anne. The small vellum-covered book, crested with Anne's coat-of-arms, must have originally belonged to her great-grandmother, Anne of Denmark, as the printer's date on the parchment fly-leaf gives 1608. Entitled "Delightes for Ladies to Adorne their Persones, and Tables" it carries recipes on the Preserving of Rose Leaves to Eat, and, the Brewing of Herbs and Colognes. This book was a gift to a young lady-in-waiting in the Queen's household. It was later inherited by a member of her family who left England for the Island during George III's reign.

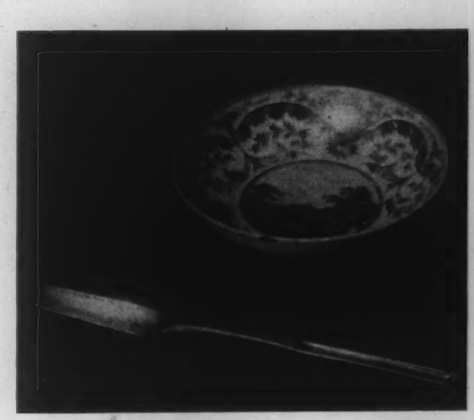
All that was left of a gentler way of life, these more sophisticated reminders of the old world were well guarded. But with these as models, the colonial craftsman was apt to underrate his own work. Forgetting his lack of tools for finishing designs, he felt the pottery, or chairs and tables

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42

ELEANOR MARY DUFFY, *who lives in Charlottetown, is a free-lance writer and newspaperwoman.*

—Garnhum

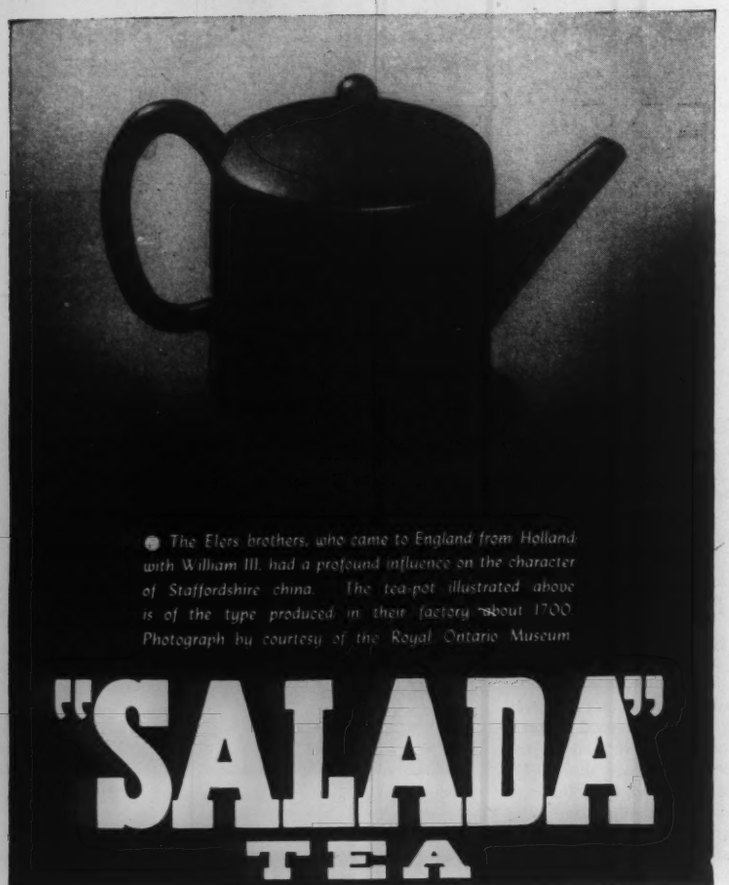
COLONIAL-made 18-C. furniture in Aitken home.



SILVER spoon, Crown Derby, in use 200 years.

BELEEK ware in unique "Spider and Fly" pattern.

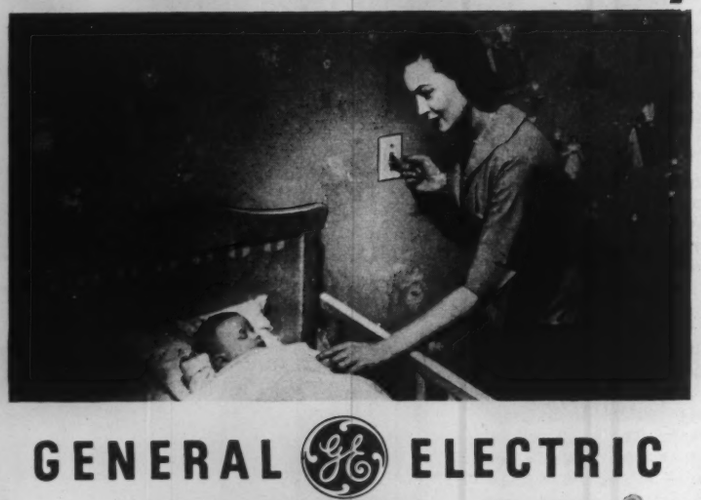
CHARLOTTETOWN'S Portland vase: Early copy.



The Elers brothers, who came to England from Holland with William III, had a profound influence on the character of Staffordshire china. The tea-pot illustrated above is of the type produced in their factory about 1700. Photograph by courtesy of the Royal Ontario Museum

"SALADA" TEA

No "Click" to Waken Baby



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BEAUTY

Ten Degrees Cooler

by Isabel Morgan

HOW TO LOOK COOL as a cucumber surrounded by ice cubes—though the weather's hot, humid and the city has you in its cement clutches? Look to the colognes and perfumes on your dressing table. We won't say they will make you immune to the heat, but the important thing is you'll seem to be—and look as though you are.

White accents such as the large white cartwheel by Laddie North-

SUMMER WHITE

ridge (above), call for a refreshing, crisp scent. The right perfume is the one which in your own mind emphasizes the mood of your clothes. Keep the "heavier" perfumes for the coming of cool weather and use instead a floral bouquet, or a single flower fragrance that brings a feminine freshness to mind. A crisp, fernsy scent creates the same reaction as cool shade in a quiet woods.

TOILET water and cologne, because they have less strength than perfume, can be used lavishly in helping you to beat the heat. If you like your summer wash gloves to be fragrant, put a spoonful of cologne in the rinsing water. If your cream deodorant gets a little dry, moisten it wtih cologne. Freshen your hair with a light spray of cologne. Of course, it is the perfect finale to a cooling bath or shower.

And if you like your cologne to be "extra" cooling, keep a flacon in the refrigerator or pour it on a wash cloth wrapped around an ice cube. You'll feel 10 degrees cooler.

■ New Executive Director of the National Council of Jewish Women of Canada is FRANCES PEARL, a graduate of Vancouver General Hospital Nursing School. She served overseas with the RCAMC and later joined UNRRA, working in the British zone in Germany. She has also been Supervisor of foster homes for the Baron de Hirsch Institute in Montreal.

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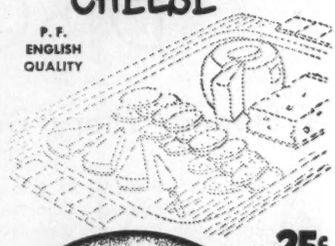

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LIVING ABROAD

PALMS UP IN FRANCE

by Joyce Tedman

FIRST IMPRESSION of tourists coming to France is the open hand and the bold approach. Dock porters are far from bashful when pointing out to newcomers the tariff; and the same technique is observed by those arriving at the Gare du Nord or the Gare St. Lazare in Paris.

Taxi drivers ask—and get—their 15 per cent; bartenders, waiters, hat check girls, wine stewards, all live off *you* rather than their meagre salaries. Tourists find that as well as their 15 per cent "service" on hotel bills, they are expected to pave the corridors with handfuls of francs.

But this is all just scratching the surface. Come and live in France and you'll see. The most important person in your life is the concierge. She (and it's always a she) is the keeper of the apartment block in which you live. She is old, with many aches and pains —usually phlebitis in the legs—and she works harder than all the men in France put together. She has a husband who isn't up to much. He is frequently seen with his bottle of wine, his beret on the side of his head, sitting in a picturesque attitude at the front door while his wife scrubs stone floors on her knees.

She is the watchdog of the building. She is on duty 24 hours a day. You ring a bell to open the apartment door which signals her to peek out from her cubby hole and see who is there. At night, there is a small window at the level of her bed which serves the same purpose.

Your concierge receives far more than an occasional tip from you. At the New Year she expects—and gets —1,000 francs or roughly three dollars for every month you have lived there. In between times you give her small sums for every extra service she performs.

Your indignation is aroused by these taken-for-granted payments. After handing over an exorbitant rent, with extra cost for heating, you are now expected to keep the concierge happy!

You are still smarting from the blow that the landlord has the equivalent of three months' rent in advance which he keeps and is supposed to return to you when you leave. This is in the nature of security against breakage and spoilage.

Suppose you don't give your concierge her pay. This is what may happen: Your mail will be delivered days late, because the postman entrusts the building's mail to her. Guests come enquiring where you live and she will likely direct them down the street or say that you have moved away. Parcels you expect turn up at your door long after you've given up hope of ever seeing them; ice picks are used to deflate the tires on your car; radio antennae are broken; simonized surfaces are scratched. Untraceable and unfathomable, these small annoyances add up to the fact that you are in the concierge's black book.

Domestic servants in France are, by tradition, the purchasers of household foods. They keep daily accounts of their expenditures, but unless you check prices constantly, you cannot possibly check on their accuracy. It is considered legitimate graft here for servants to add on their ten per cent or more, if they think they can get away with it.

It is easier, of course, to hoodwink a non-French speaking foreigner than a French person. By adding imperceptibly here and there an extra ten francs to the cost of individual items, the final result is achieved.

"TOTING" among French servants who live away from their place of work is considered a daily right. One time I walked into our kitchen and found a maid pouring coffee from a tin into a small glass jar in her carry-all. Astonished, I glanced inside and found neat jars, all labeled, containing small quantities of granulated sugar, loaf sugar, coffee and butter.

When I accused her of stealing she flew at me like an eagle, telling me I had no right to make such an accusation. Words—not feathers—flew and finally I backed away in defeat.

When you go to the hairdresser, the 15 per cent "service" is added; when you go to a movie you hand the usherette a tip for showing you your seat. Be indignant if you like, but you won't be permitted to sit down and enjoy the show if you don't tip your way in.

The butcher boy delivers your pork chops and you tip him 20 francs. A plumber comes and after completing the job you offer him either a glass of red wine, an aperitif, or a tip. Sometimes he takes two out of the three, but always the tip. If you don't offer him on-the-spot hospitality, he just won't turn up the next time you have an urgent plumbing problem.

Moving-day tradition requires you to provide half a bottle of wine, per man, per morning. If the move takes all day, you provide a bottle per man. This wine is drunk during the course of the working day.

If flowers are delivered you tip the boy who delivers them; you tip the man who collects your gas and electricity bills at the door; and the same applies to a man who delivers telegrams or those *pneumatiques* for which Paris was famous at the turn of the century. When you stop at a gas station you tip the attendant for performing his normal duties of filling your tank and wiping your windshield.

None of these practices are considered gouging. They are the philosophy and custom of daily living in France. Take a tip from us: Just add 15 per cent onto your cost of living budget and settle down to enjoy life.

JOYCE TEDMAN, *a Canadian, whose husband is a Colonel in the US Army, has been living in France several years.*

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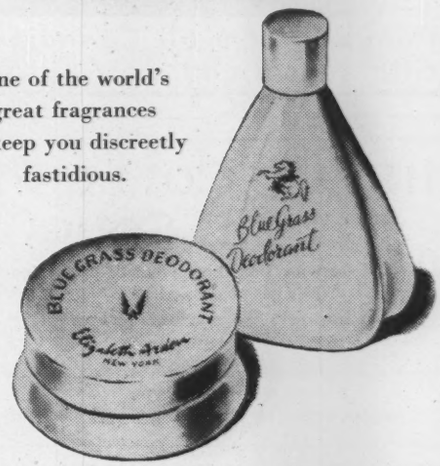

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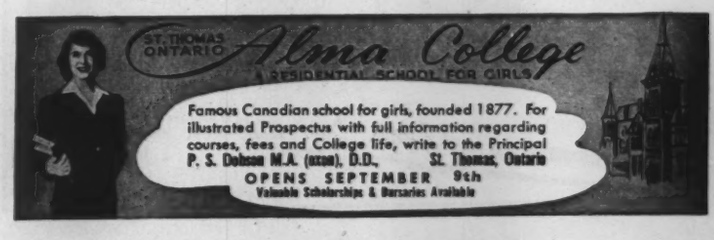
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CONCERNING FOOD

DINNER WITH VIEW

by Margaret Ecker Francis

"FERGUSON POINT Tea House" says the split-log sign, not promising too much — something "ye olde" perhaps, with tea and crumpets as *pièce de résistance*.

For Vancouver gourmets, however, the rambling, cedar-siding building, on a bluff overlooking English Bay, provides an adventure in dining one does not have too often on this "meat-and-two-veg" coast.

The view hits them first, a visual aperitif, and the only one possible in British Columbia. The weathered, pleasant building sits comfortably against the evergreen forest of Stanley Park, flanked by ancient maples. Green lawns in front dip to the face of the cliff. Beyond, the Gulf of Georgia sweeps towards Vancouver Island between the arms of Point Grey and the mountainous north shore.

It it's a soft, sunny day, the lawn is splattered with umbrella-shaded tables, very Continental sidewalk cafe-ish. Pre-dusk the backdrop behind the arms of land is shot with the purples, oranges and golds, water-reflected, of a Pacific sunset. For late dinner, the sea, land and sky are chromatic blues, the land-arms, light sprinkled. It seems incredible that all this is only 15 minutes drive from the centre of downtown Vancouver.

The average restaurateur, in this setting, would probably have concluded, nature having done its bit, cold-ham-potato salad or roast-lamb-mash-green-peas could do the rest.

BUT SCENERY isn't enough for Eve and Steve Floris, an adventurous, decorative refugee couple from Budapest.

Taking a chance has been routine for the two Hungarians, first under German, then Russian occupations, then during a thriller-type escape west from the Iron Curtain. Now they're taking the chance of serving authentic European food in a city known as the graveyard of cafes that tried to be different.

The restaurant has passed its first birthday now and business, especially in summer, is good, so perhaps the Hungarians have a word for it.

It's a two-person show. Steve, white chef's hat rakishly a-tilt, cooks. Eve, who hasn't got over a shy-dimpling when she smiles, is hostess-waitress.

The tables-for-two are on tea-wagon-like trolleys that can be pushed together for larger parties, trundled to a window with a view or grouped around the fire, as the diners desire. The candles gleam on the copper covers for hot foods, while the fire sparkles on copper ornaments on the mantel and around the room. The setting is intimate, relaxing — grey rugs, soft green walls, warm rose drapes of homespun.

But it's the food that brings a full-house of business men for lunch from nearby downtown Vancouver; teatime gossipers; leisurely diners.

The name of Floris is famous in Budapest for fine restaurants and for pastries. Steve at 15 was apprenticed

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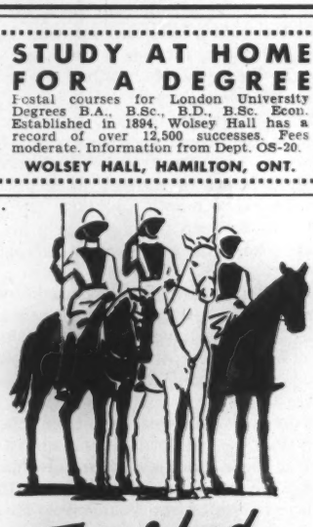

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under his uncle in the family business to work for three years and learn the art, without wages. He took over the family business just about the time Germany took him over.

After that there was compulsory military service, a stint in a concentration camp, always hunger. When the Russians moved in, Steve and Eve had had enough. One dark night they started a 30-mile hike through forests and back roads to Austria. The Allies put them to work quickly and for two years they managed an UNRRA Hotel in Vienna.

Always they wished for more than a boundary between them and the Reds and in 1948 they pushed west to Canada and Vancouver. The tourist association couldn't ask for better boosters. "It's all so beautiful, people, mountains, everything," sighs Eve with a rolling of eyes and a flutter of expressive hands.

They still haven't escaped the war. Beside them is the camouflaged cement tower of a gun emplacement. Ferguson Point hid guns defending Vancouver harbor during the war and the present cafe began life as a gunner's barracks. It's probably the only restaurant in Canada with an air-raid shelter, used currently as a gallery by Indian artist Ellen Neal.

ON THE LAWN in summer, or before a snapping fire in winter, Steve and Eve serve food that is distinctly European. They serve hors d'oeuvres reminiscent of the large cafes of European capitals. Their soups are not through courtesy of a canning factory, but meaty, spiced, full-bodied Hungarian soups. Their main courses are Hungarian too: goulashes in rich red gravy; roulades (beef steaks stuffed with onions and rolled with bacon), chicken liver risotto served with rice and Parmesan cheese.

Desserts are the pastries the Floris family have been famous for during generations.

Vancouver diners-out and tourists who like something different appreciate the food. But the best recommendation comes from other Europeans who are pouring into Vancouver and who are in a better position to appraise its authenticity. These have made Ferguson Point a rendezvous.

"Two weeks in town, and when they have money, they are coming here," explains Steve. "They say to them it is like home. We hope to Canadians it is becoming a second home."

Steve Floris' Favorite Recipe: Hungarian Stuffed Green Peppers.

- 1 pound lean ground beef
- 1 pound ground pork
- 1 medium onion chopped fine
- ½ clove garlic chopped fine
- 2 eggs
- 1 teaspoon paprika
- 1 teaspoon black pepper
- ½ cup raw rice
- 1½ teaspoons of salt
- 10 medium sized green peppers
- 1 15-ounce tin Italian tomato paste (or Canadian tomato paste if not available)

Mix meat with onion, garlic, salt, pepper, paprika, rice, eggs. Take stem from green peppers and remove inside seeds and membranes. Fill peppers with meat to ¼ inch from top. Place peppers in double steamer with 1 quart water in bottom. Steam for an hour.

Remaining in steamer should be, as Steve explains it, "not quite a pint of water which has absorbed the flavor of the peppers and spices." To this add the tomato paste, 1 tablespoon of sugar and dash of salt. The green peppers are placed carefully in this mixture and allowed to come to a boil. Then they are ready. Serves 10 persons.

Steve serves only mashed potatoes with this, followed by a tossed salad.

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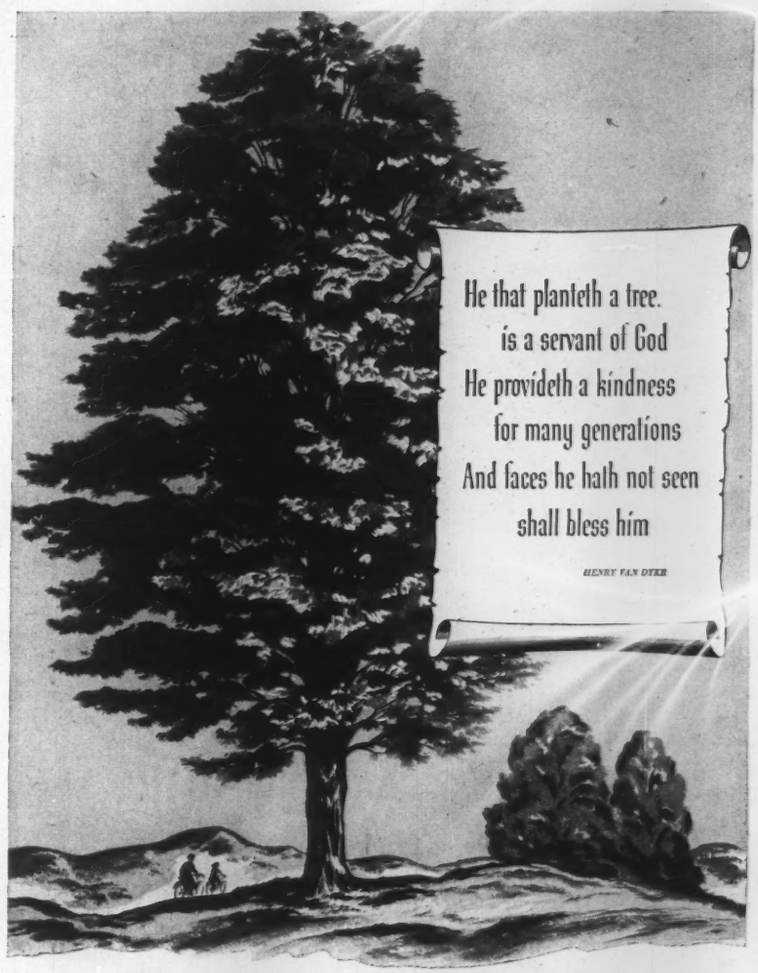
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PEI ANTIQUES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

he made were rough and crude. Our eyes are kinder, for Canadian Colonial ware is admired for its freshness, strength, and functionalism.

George Aitken who was born on the Island of Saint John in 1779 knew how to bring this engaging quality into stones, slabs of oak and even black grain-seeds. His stone house which has stared wide-eyed at the Montague River for more than 100 years is as solid as the earth itself. Juniper beams as thick as a giant's body make the beams of the square cellar. Indoors everything is as he left it, with two exceptions—the bricked-in kitchen fireplace, and the electric lights in the chandelier.

Time skims backward when you cross the worn door slab. His house is the product of a successful grist mill where he ground his neighbor's grain into flour. It is the product, too, of George Aitken's amazing memory. When he was a young man he visited his grandfather's home in Auchenhay, Scotland, the home his father left in the 1770's for North America. Everything he saw—the stone cottages, the furniture—stayed with him, and when he returned he began to plan a new house.

His treasures, such as the 14 chairs, hand-turned and wooden-pegged, salt-glaze stoneware sprigged with nosegays, make modern furnishings seem cold and impersonal.

The present owner, Bill Aitken, pointed at the prints in the dining room. "One of these fellows that buy old things said to me, 'Currier and Ives, eh?' I said 'No. Can't you read? They're just Currier.' Currier was in business by himself first and then he took Ives in for a partner."

NO ONE can fool Bill Aitken on the value of anything in his house. Proudest possession is the leather hob-nailed chest dating back to 1609 which belonged to James Aitken, Laird of the Rhys, Jockley and Auchenhay, Clovend, Scotland, and holds family papers and letters. Since it was made, it has never been out of Aitken hands.

The great panelled door and the double lensed telescope, which rests in a recess in the wall by the hallway window, have seen a lot of history travel the river in front of them. The Aitken door has opened in welcome for over a century, as in many old PEI homes, to friends, wayfarers and now tourists.

Souvenir hunting is almost a synonym for tourist, but since the war the Island has found that antique hunting is a better simile. Any day now a home with wide clapboards and multi-paned windows can expect a new knock on the door. Last year visitors looked for beaded fire screens. This year? Well, it may be Staffordshire salt glaze or gold lustre ware.

■ Principal EFFIE GORDON WAUGH of St. Clement's School for girls, Toronto, received an honorary degree at the recent convocation in honor of the centennial year of Trinity College and St. Michael's College, U of T.

LIGHTER SIDE

ROGET TO THE RESCUE

by Mary Lowrey Ross

THE DEPARTMENT of External Affairs has been criticized recently for the vagueness and mildness of its diplomatic language; specifically for "viewing with concern" the United States action in sending Canadian troops to Koje Island without bothering to consult Ottawa.

"Viewing with concern" it has been pointed out, is firm but not strong. Viewing with indignation on the other hand is strong but not firm. (After all, what can we do about it?) Viewing with annoyance has a rather petulant sound, suggesting the injured feelings of a householder whose good neighbor has carelessly heaved a dead cat into his backyard.

Anxious to be of assistance to the Department I have been going through Roget, who has a number of helpful suggestions. These include anxiety, misgiving, wincing, suspicion, in- or dis-quietude, trembling, throbbing, and so on, right on down to desperation and despair. Also pavor, which, to save the Pentagon trouble, means morbid, groundless fear.

If Mr. Pearson wanted to be more emphatic of course he would describe his Department's feeling as rampant, turbulent, tumultuary, ungovernable, volcanic and stanchless. He could then go on to characterize the United States' position as bugabear (—aboo), a daymare, a nightmare, a morno, a Hurlothrombo, and a fee, faw, fum. Roget also recommends Pish and Pshaw (interjections.)

Is this any help, Mr. Pearson?

It probably isn't. It probably isn't even necessary. The old-fashioned idiom of diplomacy still serves reasonably well between two countries who speak the same language and, as far as possible, try to avoid treading on each other's toes. Luckily, our country's representatives have never needed to learn the new diplomatic language of abuses.

IF THEY view with concern, misgiving, or in special cases alarm, it is usually enough to bring about, if not a settlement, at least an acknowledgement. In general the voice of our diplomacy still carries the fine old-fashioned eloquence that is suitable to International dinner speeches or Peace Bridge celebrations. If our method bears the same relation to the new, or Soviet, diplomacy as corresponding by quill pen does to communicating by spit-ball, this is still no great disadvantage. There's plenty of time to grow up and learn to be peremptory and high-handed and, if necessary, bad-mannered.

It would be very pleasant however if our Government were as polite and ingratiating at home as it is abroad.

Ottawa, for instance, never views with concern, misgiving, or alarm, any failure on the part of the taxpayer to turn in his quarterly payment. It sends instead a brisk notice ordering us to remit immediately and pointing out that unpaid taxes and overdue instalments bear interest at 6 per cent.

When our Government makes a mistake abroad it goes to considerable pains to explain and justify itself. But it never bothers apologizing for its refund errors to the taxpayers who support it, at home.

ONCE FOR instance the Government sent me an unexpected refund of $100. Figuring that I, rather than Ottawa, had added up my total wrong I joyfully spent the windfall on slip covers. Six months later I received a sharp notice from Ottawa that I owed it $100, with interest at 6 per cent per annum.

So I sat down and wrote that I viewed with concern and suspicion a Government so inefficient as to make an error of $100 in its accounting, and so flagrantly overreaching as to demand 6 per cent interest on its own mistake. I enclosed a cheque for $100.

Arguing with the Government is, to borrow from Mr. H. G. Wells, a good deal like fighting a man without a face. All I got back was a dry notice that I still owed Ottawa three dollars, which I paid.

A year or two later, in working out my accounts at the end of the fiscal year I discovered that Ottawa owed me $15. When the Government envelope arrived, however, it contained not my $15 refund but a curt notice that I owed the Department $346.72.

This time when I sat down to write to Ottawa I reached for my Thesaurus. Roget, I discovered, is crammed with the vivid language of official abuse: words like scandalous, egregious, indefensible, irremediable, irremissable, and inexplicable, along with shallow- clod- rattle- and addle-pated, and lack- half- dull- blunt- dim- and fat-witted. Mr. Vishinsky would revel in Roget, and probably does.

However, I didn't send the letter composed under the inspiration of Roget. Instead I wrote to the Department severely, pointing out its mistake and giving the serial number of my official receipts—the implication being that I couldn't trust the originals to anything so bull- block- jotter- beetle- and dunder-headed as the official accounting department.

Six months later I received my belated refund. It came in the form of a cheque, without explanation, without apology, and naturally, without six months' interest.

Can you add eight to eight without getting sixteen?

Suppose you bought your home for $8,000 before values reached their present peak. You could possibly sell that home to-day for $16,000. You've literally made $8,000. But, supposing you had to replace it. That would *cost* $16,000.

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WOMAN OF THE WEEK

NO TIME TO GO STALE

by Margaret Ness

YOU'D think owning and running a 1,000-watt radio station would keep any woman fully occupied. Not Mrs. Florence Buchanan of Brantford, Ont., and Station CKPC.

Twelve organizations claim her attention—including such diversified ones as the Canadian Cancer Society, Zonta Club and Brant County Historical Society. Then there are the two children and their interests; Dick who is CKPC's Program Director, and 12-year-old Judith. A large home with a big garden occupies another slice of her time.

The day I visited her she was concentrating on the local campaign for funds for the Cancer Society. As well as being Vice-President of the Toronto Branch, she's President of Brant County Unit. In fact she helped organize the local unit, the first in Ontario. She had her sights on local $11,000 objective and announced at the end of the day that the total had almost reached $8,000.

She was also mentally juggling a triple real estate deal. Dick's marriage was just in the offing; the house was too big for her and Judy. So she planned to (1) sell the house, (2) build a smaller one on her garden property overlooking the Grand River, and (3) rent a small place until the new house was built. "My friends think I'm completely mad," she said. "But it sounds reasonable to me."

As far as Mrs. Buchanan knows, she is the only woman in Canada or the U.S. to own and operate a 1,000-watt station. And she *is* the boss, not just a figurehead. The station was a gift from her father, the late Cyrus Dolph of Preston and Brantford. When she took over in 1939, there was only a staff of five, three of whom are still with her. She's more proud of that fact than that the station has grown to need 24 staffers.

THE staff—and many of Brantford's businessmen—have a friendly way of greeting her as "Mrs. B." It's not a carbon copy, either. She was "Mrs. B." long before Kate Aitken became popularly radio-ized as "Mrs. A."

When the station was small—before it was upped to 1,000 watts in 1946—Mrs. Buchanan had time for one of her favorite hobbies—going to auction sales. Now she has to say a firm "No" to such excursions. Some of her buys are in her home—a number of blue glass pieces (blue is her favorite color), china and a handsome old secretaire.

Another hobby is gardening—even indoors. For every window ledge in her many-windowed dining room and every small table in her drawing room carries its quota of potted plants. There's even a tea-wagon sporting a dozen or so pots of African violets, minus blooms. "They won't bloom for me somehow," Mrs. Buchanan said. "I'm getting discouraged."

Above the drawing-room mantel is a portrait of Dick as a little boy, in blue. It was the first portrait Frank Panabaker did. Mrs. Buchanan knew him from Galt Collegiate days, persuaded him to "do" Dick. One of Panabaker's early floral paintings hangs above the old marble mantel in her office at the station's last-year-acquired new studios.

HER office is the work of a former Brantford girl, Marion Tribble of Simpson's Interior Decorating; has fir green walls, an immense blonde wood desk and antique gold leather chairs. The knick-knacks are feminine. Decorator Tribble caught Mrs. Buchanan's personality extremely well, I thought: the business-like manner, the tailored clothes, and the feminine approach to the non-station matters.

Mrs. Buchanan confided that she also likes to cook but hasn't much time. Dick deflated her aspirations by, "You're not such a hot cook, though."

Free air time on CKPC is generously ladled out to all worthwhile causes. But that isn't enough for Mrs. Buchanan. She has to be active, too, in the organizations. She must have some sort of record for the number of clubs and groups she has had a hand in organizing. Besides the local cancer unit, she organized the Brantford Zonta Club nine years ago; organized the only Indian Girl Guide company (at nearby Mohawk Institute) and the only blind company, at the Ontario School for the Blind. Sometimes honor comes to a prophet in his own country and Mrs. Buchanan has already been made a Life Member in three organizations and, undoubtedly, there's more to come.

"I never seem to accomplish all the things I want to do," Mrs. Buchanan said. "There are so many new things to try. That's what makes life thrilling to me." Then, with her pleasant little chuckle, she added. "The height of my ambition right now is to go to an auction or go home and change all the furniture around."

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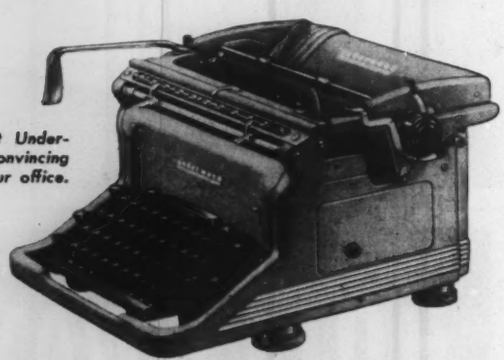

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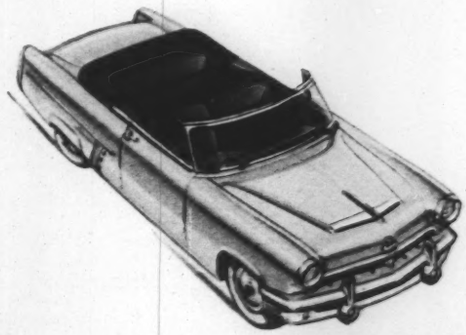
Beautiful beyond compare!

For those who take pride in driving a truly fine car, the new 1952 Monarch bears the stamp of recognized quality and beauty. It's not only the distinguished styling in every lovely line that sets this car apart—nor the luxurious interiors, custom-appointed for the most discriminating, which give this car such proud distinction—and it's not just the unbelievably smooth performance of its 125-horsepower engine, built by the world's largest manufacturer of V-8 engines. It's *all* these, plus many other exciting features which make the 1952 Monarch so *new*—so *different*—so *beautiful!* Drive this truly magnificent car and you'll agree that *where a fine car matters . . . Monarch belongs.*



The luxurious Monarch Convertible —with custom-appointed interiors of grained vinyl trim, colour-keyed to exterior finishes specially selected for their practical beauty.

Ride like a King in a 1952 **Monarch**

MONARCH SEE YOUR MONARCH DEALER!

What you want is a Coke

That's so right—especially when activity calls for a pause. Just reach into the handy portable cooler for a frosty bottle of Coca-Cola. Enjoy its tingling goodness and off you go—to play refreshed.

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